

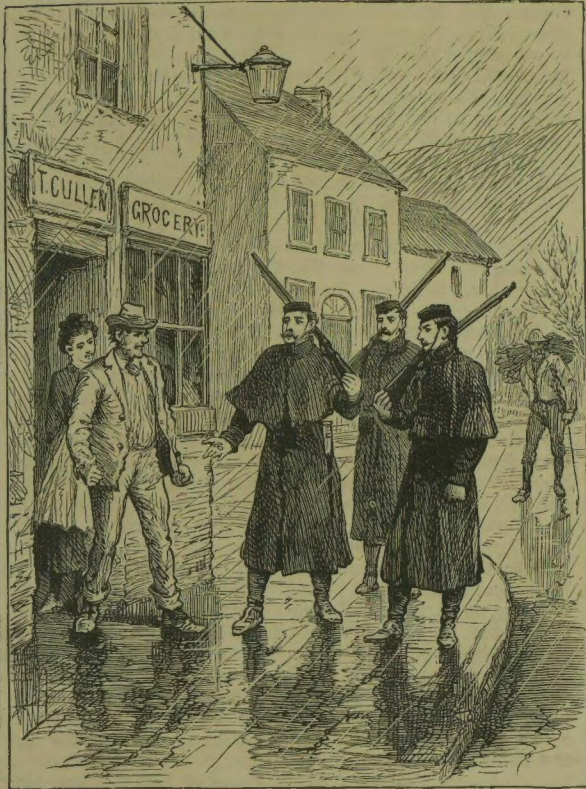
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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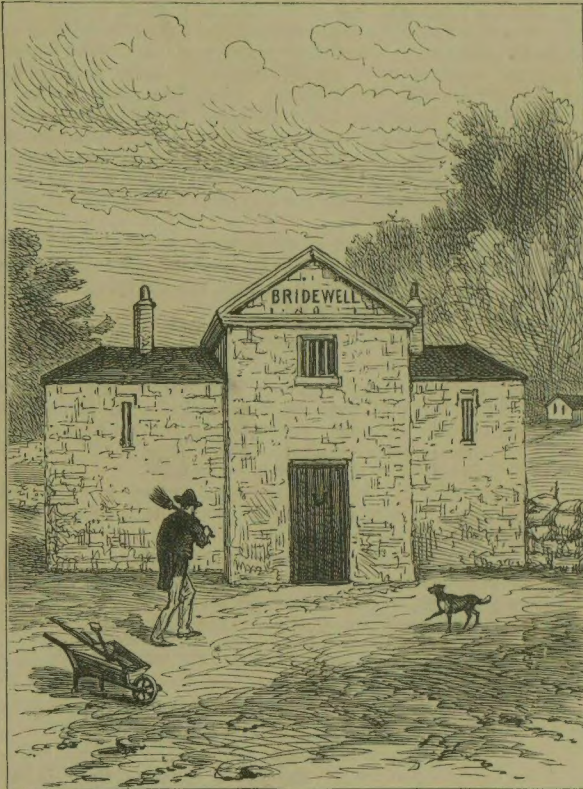
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1887.

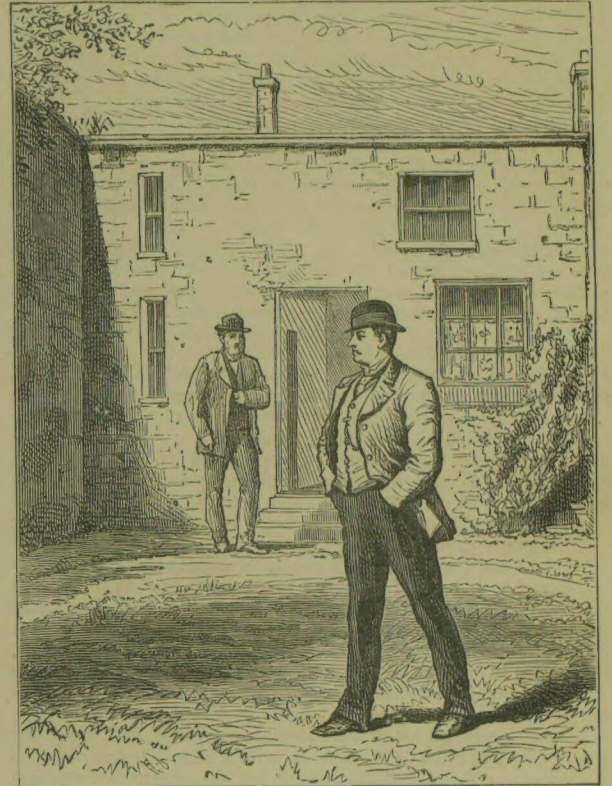
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THE BRIDEWELL AT MITCHELSTOWN—EXTERIOR.



THE BRIDEWELL AT MITCHELSTOWN—INTERIOR.
MR. MANDEVILLE TAKING EXERCISE.



SCENE OUTSIDE CORK JAIL ON SUNDAY, SEPT. 18.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

GREEN LANES.

After the fatal fight on Chalgrove Field Hampden, stricken to death by a musket-shot in the shoulder, his head hanging down, and his hands resting on his horse's neck, rode away through green lanes to the quiet town of Thame. At first the surgeons held out hopes of his recovery; but his condition hourly grew more critical, and, after lingering for six days, he passed into his rest, sighing, "O Lord, save my country!" And with muffled standards and arms reversed, his "Greencoats" bore his body through green lanes to the village church where the dust of his ancestors reposed. 'Tis pathetic to think of—the long death-ride of the patriot through the country-side he knew so well; but one would wish, as a rule, to connect pleasanter associations with our green lanes. The mournful pomp of the funeral procession does not assimilate with them. A rustic bride, crowned with flowers, and followed by a troop of sunburnt lads and lasses; a company of happy villagers seeing "home" the last wain of the harvest, and preparing to make merry over the crowning mercy of the year; a bright train of bonny English maidens riding, as of old, with hawks on their wrists, and their squires attending them; some such scenes as these one looks for in "green lanes." The phrase recalls all kinds of charming images, all kinds of sweetest sights and sounds: the song of birds, the ripple of brooks, the freshness of summer airs. Green lanes! I know of few collocations of words in English which can bring before the mind's eye a larger number of bright agreeable pictures. With green lanes we blend the rich promise of spring, the glorious achievement of summer, the ripe honours of autumn. They tell of sunny spaces of fragrant turf, where the children come in spring to pick the yellow cowslips; of overarching boughs, through which the shifting lights fall in flashes of vivid colour; of breaks and gaps in the thick hedges which open up delightful glimpses of cool woodlands on the distant horizon, and of meadowy slopes stretching down to the hidden stream in the valley below; of picturesque cottages, built up with time-worn timbers, roofed with the brownest of brown thatch, honeysuckle climbing over the porch, and roses twining round the sunken windows. Dr. Johnson might make much of a walk down Fleet-street, but what rightly-constituted mind would not prefer a ramble among green lanes? Those

Paths and alleys wide,

With footing worn and leading inland far,

cover the length and breadth of England with a beauty that is peculiarly their own, whether they serve to unite the principal highways, or link together groups of sleepy villages, or lead to sequestered manor-house and grey old church, or wind up grassy knolls to the motionless arms of decayed windmills, or spread over wold and moor and pasture, until they dwindle down into tiny foot-paths and half-obliterated tracks, which have long ceased to serve any profitable or useful purpose. I remember one such green lane, which I followed, not long ago, in a western county: a lane which had never been held of sufficient importance to obtain a place in road-maps or Ordnance surveys, though for sheer loveliness it might have come straight out of the Garden of Eden. Branching off from a high road which conducts the traveller, if he will, to two or three cathedral cities, and was once, no doubt, a busy line of communication, though is now by no means largely used for any kind of traffic, it slid down a little hill, between banks loaded with mosses and ferns and feathery grasses, to a bright, sweet stream, which there broadened into a shallow pool, and was crossed by the rudest of wooden bridges ever put together by a village wright. Climbing up a hill on the other side, it ran in the shadow of a couple of deserted cottages, from the gardens of which some old plum-trees had dropped into it their unconsidered fruit. Still mounting upwards, it swayed hither and thither, and curved and swerved like a frolicsome horse—now with a corn-field waving its whitening grain beside it, and now with tall rows of clustered hops looking down on its margin of green sward, until it struck into a small open space of waste land, where three or four quaint cottages sheltered, I suppose, the labourers engaged in neighbouring corn-field and hop-garden, and half-a-dozen brown-skinned children stared at the unaccustomed sight of a pedestrian. It was a hot autumn day, but the shade of tall elm and gnarled oak kept this admirable green lane excellently cool. At some places, too, the hedgerows were six or seven feet high, mostly of hawthorn and bramble, festooned with rich wreaths of briony and honeysuckle, and the beautiful wild clematis, so fitly named "the traveller's joy." Leaving behind it "the hum of men," it dextrously crept up a tolerably stiff ascent, until oak and elm gave way to larch and fir, and the hedges lessened until they disappeared, and the way grew narrower and narrower, and the ruts worn by heavy cart-wheels could no longer be traced, and then it slipped into a wood, and the path ceased to be, and my feet kicked aside the dead brown leaves of ever so many autumns, and the wood broadened and deepened as I advanced, until, having neither lane, nor path, nor track to guide me, I thought it prudent to retrace my steps. But, oh, that leafy green lane! with its pleasant uncertainty of purpose—with its laudable indifference to any particular object or destination—with its endless curves and bends and angles, and its rare felicity of ending nowhere, was it not a thing to be loved! Contrast it, I pray you, with the dull, commonplace directness of a macadamised highway, which never leaves you for a moment in doubt where it is going (and going with brutal rapidity, up and down break-neck hills, with scant regard for weary tramp or heavily-laden cattle), or whence it comes; and tell me, which would you prefer? Unless you are one of those unhappy creatures on whom the mysterious decrees of Providence have laid the terrible obligation of always seeking the shortest line between any two given points, you will decide for my green lanes! And, mark you, it is the rare characteristic—I may say the idiosyncrasy—of our English green lanes that they are *never in a hurry*. They seem so charmed with their own beauty that they dally in every nook and corner, so as to make the most of it. Again, with a kindly feeling for the saunterer, they know better than to breast a steep acclivity at its steepest: they are tender over his limbs and breath; and so they wind in and out, and slip so easily over a rough bit of brae, and turn sharp corners so insinuatingly, that he finds himself planted on the summit, sound of wind, and with scarce a bead of perspiration on his manly brow, before he understands how the thing has been done, the miracle wrought. You see these green lanes, the silent growth of centuries, have gradually adapted themselves to the highest needs of humanity; while your oldest macadamised road is a thing of yesterday, constructed without any regard for our wants, except such as are material. When I am exploring a beautiful bit of country, I don't want to hurry through it, like Mr. William Black's lovers, in a phaeton, or like Mr. Andrew Carnegie and his friends, in a four-horse drag, least of all on that abominable piece of mechanism, bicycle or tricycle, as much out of place in a green lane as would be a railway locomotive; but to ramble leisurely, "on my own feet" (as the children say), and to see all that is to be seen—the thicket with its patches of heather, and the brook with its water-cresses, and the copse with its butterflies, and the old elm that

was green in the days of good Queen Anne, and the rustic stile, and the red poppies in the fields, and the lone mere with its green pillars of sedge, and everything else that has in it or about it a touch of beauty: and this is just what our green lanes allow us to do. Whether by accident or design, they take us always to the right places. The man who sees England only from its turnpike roads, its "public highways," might almost as well see it from a balloon. Patient and persistent wayfarer through its green lanes—by no other means can you get at the secret of its beauty, and understand why it is and how it is that Englishmen who thoroughly know their country love it with so deep and passionate an affection.

Our green lanes are rich in all kinds of picturesque associations. Along their grassy courses have dashed Yorkist and Lancastrian, in swift flight and pursuit, with warring shouts and frenzied cries for the White Rose or the Red. Robin Hood and Little John, "good Scathelock and Much the miller's son," with all that gay company in Lincoln green, have hidden behind their hawthorn boughs to pounce upon fat friar or wealthy franklin, and empty their pouches of golden pieces, as on the memorable occasion recorded in the old ballad, when—

Little John spread his mantle down
As he had done before,
And he told out of the monk's mail
Eight hundred pounds and more.

The Roundhead has droned his surly hymn in their beechen shadows, and the Cavalier roused their echoes with his rollicking ballads; beneath the wide boughs of ash or elm Will Shakespeare has whispered his vows of love in the too-willing ears of Anne Hathaway; over their crisp turf the squire's pretty daughter, perched on a sturdy roadster's back, and holding by the old serving-man's belted waist, has often trotted to the Christmas feast; or Lady Bellasis, in her high-wheeled chariot, has lumbered over rut and furrow, with bramble and brier on either side scratching the armorial bearings blazoned on her gaudy panels. Such scenes and characters as these crowd upon the memory of the wayfarer as he idles blissfully through green lanes.

Even in the solitariest of these he is never alone, for the poets offer him their sweet companionship. One of the elder race will caution him, perhaps, against the old sylvan deity—

The great Pan
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade.

But Pan long ago forsook the green lanes, and henceforth is to be found "in the reeds by the river" evoking a music "piercing sweet" from the tall reed he has hacked and hewed and fashioned for this purpose. Another will remind him of—

The under-flowers which do enrich the ground,
With sweeter scents than in Arabia found.

And another will bid him lend an attentive ear to "the birds' sweet harmony"; while yet another will talk of the green hedgerows enriched—

With hawthorn buds and sweet eglantine—
those hedgerows of spontaneous and abundant growth, where the cows push out, as Mrs. Browning tells us—
Impatient horns and tolerant churning mouths
'Twixt dripping ash-boughs, hedgerows all alive
With birds and gnats and large white butterflies.

Which reminds us of Tennyson—

The steer forgot to graze,
And where the hedgerow cuts the pathway, stood,
Leaning his horns into the neighbour field,
And lowing to his fellows.

A noticeable feature of our green lanes is their infinite variety. They are full of the pleasantest surprises, like the changes of expression of a beautiful face; you can never be sure when they are going, what fresh character they will assume, what new aspect they will flaunt upon your admiring eyes. You begin, perhaps, with a rough rutty track, lined on either side by a low straggling hedge; there is nothing in the prospect to please your imagination, and you feel, maybe, a little depressed. But all at once the ruts terminate, close by a side-gate which leads to an old and apparently empty barn, and the hedge grows higher and closer, and you feel beneath your feet the firm smooth greensward, and by-and-by an ash-tree starts up on one side and an oak on the other; then a couple or so of elms; then a row of tall, straight poplars, as erect, and almost as stiff, as an array of Guardsmen. Before long the path narrows and the trees cluster more and more closely together, their boughs meeting overhead in a vault of dark green foliage, so that you might think yourself deep in the heart of the woodland were it not that, on either hand, you catch constant peeps through the trees of dewy leas and shady vales. Suddenly the stately avenue comes to an end, and the green lane emerges into the open, and over you shines the beautiful sky, with a solitary lark displayed, speck-like, against the blue. You come to another gate and another barn, and the ruts reappear, and you perceive that the grassy borders on either side have been cut up by the frequent hoofs of cattle; and the hawthorn and hazel in the hedge are replaced by glossy holly—most uncompromising of plants! Thicker and glossier grows the holly, until your ear catches the lowing of the kine, the gallant crow of the cock, and the confused "cluck-cluck" of the hens, broken in upon occasionally by a resounding neigh or vigorous bark and yelp, and your lane opens out in front of a substantial, many-gabled farm-house, with a couple of Irish yews planted, like sentinels, before its woodbine-covered porch, and, sweeping round the inevitable pond, breaks into (what was) the turnpike road.

Then there is that agreeable kind of "by-way" Miss Mitford speaks of, "a close-sheltered lane, wandering and winding, like a rivulet, in gentle 'sinuosities,' amidst green meadows, all alive with cattle, sheep, and beautiful lambs, in the very spring and pride of their tottering prettiness; or fields of arable land, more lively still with troops of stooping bean-setters—women and children, in all varieties of costume and colour; and ploughs and harrows, with their whistling boys and steady carters, going through, with a slow and plodding industry, the main business of this busy season." By-the-way, is there anything more delicious than a flowering bean-field? It adds a new zest to the beauty of a green lane, when the balmy breath of its blossoms mingles with the odours of turf and hedgerow. Nor must I forget the quiet woody lanes, so happily abundant in Berkshire and Hants and some parts of Surrey, which seem quite fenced off from the world, and wholly absorbed in their own sweet privacy—lanes which we traverse without a glance at life and its belongings, "except when, leaning over a gate, we look into one of the small inclosures, hemmed in with hedgerows, so closely set with growing timber that the meady opening looks almost like a glade in a wood; or when some cottages, planted at a corner of one of the little greens formed by the meeting of these cross-ways, almost startle us by the unexpected sight of the dwellings of man in such a solitude." Or those sweet by-paths, in the shade of "beeches and limes, with here and there a light, silver-stemmed birch," which George Eliot describes:—"Narrow, hollow-shaped, earthy paths, edged with faint dashes of delicate moss—paths which look as if they were made by the free-will of the trees and underwood." Or the rich green lanes of Devonshire, winding through high red sandstone banks, heavy with drooping ferns and honeysuckles, or through tunnels of

greenery, with glimpses of blue sea at the further end; but the Devonshire lanes would require an article to themselves, they possess so distinct and definite a character. For the matter of that, so do those of Kent, or Surrey, or fertile Suffolk, or Warwickshire, or romantic Yorkshire, and I must refrain from entering upon what is really an almost inexhaustible field of speculation.

It would be pleasant to trace the green lanes in our modern fiction—in the writings of Blackmore, and Thomas Hardy, and William Black, and Charles Dickens; to speak of the changes they present as the seasons roll around; to dwell upon the birds which make them musical, and on the flowers which make them bright, and the insect tribes which live, move, and have their being within their borders; on the several details which constitute their interest and beauty: but these are themes which it is impossible now to touch.

W. H. D. A.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

The county of Cork, and Mitchelstown, the scene of the fatal affray between the followers of the National League and the Royal Irish Constabulary, when three men were shot by the police in defending their barracks, continue to exhibit tokens of popular excitement. Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., was brought yesterday week, from the county jail at Cork, to appear at Mitchelstown before the two Resident Magistrates, Mr. Richard Eaton and Captain Stokes, for trial under the new Crimes Act, for seditious and inflammatory speeches delivered there in August, inciting the people on Lady Kingston's estate to resist the sheriffs and bailiffs. Mr. O'Brien and Mr. John Mandeville, of Clonkilla, were jointly prosecuted on this charge. As Mr. Mandeville had not attended to the Magistrates' summons, he was arrested, on Saturday, the 17th ult., by four constables, and was brought to Mitchelstown, where he was immediately taken before Mr. Eaton, who committed him for trial. He was then lodged in the town bridewell, where he would await his trial, and by this means any demonstration, which would be got up if he were taken to Cork, was avoided. He was visited during the day by Mr. T. Harrington, M.P., and Mr. Condon, M.P. On the Friday after, Mr. O'Brien, having been conveyed from Cork to Fermoy by railway, under a strong guard, was taken on an outside car nine miles across the country to Mitchelstown, the police being supported by a company of the Scots Fusiliers and half a troop of the 3rd Hussars. Mr. O'Brien entered the Court-House, and was received with hand-shakings by several of his admirers and colleagues. He was followed into court by the English Home Rule deputation, who had come from Cork via Fermoy, and who included Mrs. Bateson, Mr. Pickersgill, M.P., Mr. Gibb, Mr. Boyd, Mr. Harrison Carter, and Mr. Heald. In the Court-House these were joined by Mr. J. Dillon, M.P., Mr. Maurice Healy, Mr. Rowntree, Mr. Condon, Mr. Lane, Dr. Tanner, Mr. Pyne, and Mr. T. Harrington, members of Parliament; Mrs. Rowntree, Mrs. Cobden Sickert, Miss Jane Cobden, and Miss Mander; Mr. Leamy, Rev. Father O'Leary, of St. Louis; Judge Foster, of Iowa; and Mrs. Foster, of Clinton, Iowa, a member of the American Bar; Mr. Alfred Blunt, the Rev. R. O. N. Anderson, Protestant Rector of Drinagh, county Cork, and many others. The ladies present had prepared a large basket of flowers and laurels, which was presented to Mr. O'Brien by one of them. The prosecution case for the Crown was conducted by Mr. Carson, and that for the defence by Mr. T. Harrington, M.P. It ended, on Saturday, in the conviction of Mr. O'Brien on two charges, for each of which he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. An appeal has been claimed, to be heard by the County Court Judge of Cork on the 31st inst., the defendants being at large in the meantime; and Mr. O'Brien has returned to Dublin, after making several additional speeches. While he was in the prison at Cork on Sunday week, the 18th ult., a mob of people from a National League meeting, with banners and a band of music, the men carrying heavy clubs, assembled in front of the County Jail, and gave loud cheers for the prisoner. This scene is represented in one of our Artist's sketches. At Fermoy last Monday evening there was another fierce riot, with an attack on the hotel where two Magistrates were staying; the police had to use their truncheons in dispersing the rioters, and many on both sides were seriously hurt.

THE SANITARY CONGRESS.

Lord Basing gave the presidential address at the opening of the Congress of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain, held at the Bolton Townhall on Tuesday week. His Lordship referred to the advance in sanitary science during recent years, originating with the Royal Sanitary Commission, and carried out under the Public Health Act of 1875. This measure, he considered, contained the most complete sanitary code to be found in any country, and it had greatly tended to diminish the death-rate.

In the Sanitary Science and Preventive Medicine Section on Wednesday, Professor Reynolds gave the presidential address. Among the papers read was one by Dr. Carpenter on Pioneers of Sanitary Science, and another by Dr. Sergeant, of Bolton, advocating compulsory notification of diseases, a system which met with almost unanimous approval. In the evening the Mayor gave a conversazione to the members of the institute.

On Thursday Professor T. H. Lewis presided over the Engineering and Architectural Section, and dealt with the extension of great cities and the erection of new ones. Papers were read on sanitary apparatus, water supply, artesian wells, the pollution of streams, and kindred subjects. A Conference of Medical Officers of Health followed, presided over by Professor Corfield, and papers on medical subjects were read and discussed. In the evening Dr. A. Ransome delivered a lecture on the treatment of consumption.

Dr. Dupré, president of the Chemical, Meteorological, and Geological Section, gave his address on Thursday; sittings were held in the Architectural and Engineering Section, and the Medical Officers of Health Conference was resumed.

The members of the congress enjoyed various excursions in the neighbourhood on Saturday. A party went to the water-works, and Colonel R. H. Ainsworth gave a garden-party at Smithills Hall. Addresses to the working classes were given in the evening at a popular meeting, the Mayor presiding.

In consequence of civic duties, Mr. Deputy Bedford, says the *City Press*, has declined the position of a justiceship of the peace for Middlesex.

The preachers on Sunday mornings in Westminster Abbey for October are:—Sunday, 2nd, the Rev. Edwin Price, Minor Canon (offertory for poor of Westminster); Sunday, 9th, the Rev. J. F. Kitto, Vicar of St. Martin-in-Fields (offertory for Choir Benevolent Fund); Sunday, 16th, the Rev. J. H. J. Ellison, Vicar of St. Gabriel's, Pimlico (offertory for Wakefield Bishopric Fund); Sunday, 23rd, the Rev. H. L. Paget, Vicar of St. Pancras (offertory for Dr. Barnardo's Homes for Boys); Sunday, 30th, the Rev. S. Flood Jones, Precentor (offertory for poor of Westminster). Canon Prothero, Sub-Dean, as Canon in Residence, will preach each Sunday afternoon at three.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"For the apparel oft proclaims the man," says sententious old Polonius. On the stage very often the converse applies. There very often the apparel conceals the man, so far as his weakness of tissue is concerned. "The Sultan of Mocha," speaking for the moment purely from a dramatic point of view, has been dressed up into importance and decked out into popularity. A weaker book in connection with comic opera has not been offered to the public for many years. The story might have been written by an amateur for the "Theatre Royal, Back Drawing-room"; the plot, if plot it can be called, is quite infantile in its simplicity. It takes three acts to tell how Dolly, the very conventional lass that loves a sailor, is abducted from Greenwich to Mocha by a rejected lover, how the Sultan falls in love with her, and how eventually she is rescued by her faithful and beloved Peter, the Jack Tar of the most ordinary stage romance. Over this most insipid and tasteless dish Mr. W. Lestocq has been commissioned to pepper some jokes, or rather, what the Americans would call "chestnuts," for they are good, bad, and indifferent, mostly old, and range from the wearisome mother-in-law sneer, that must have been first started by Thespis, down to an advertised encomium of the "universal provider" of Westbourne-grove. However, Mr. Lestocq went at his task manfully, never flinched or budged, was conscientious to the best defined rules of "chestnut literature," and is already a formidable rival to the experienced Mr. Farnie himself. Say what we like, the public like their jests crusted like old port wine, and the author who goes to a circus with a note-book and jots down the "wheezes" of any popular clown is apparently the best assistant to an author of graceful melody and a consummate musician like Mr. Alfred Cellier. But the management was clever enough to help the lame dog over the stile in another direction. Miss Lydia Thompson, the ever young and ever fair, knows by experience how far brilliancy of dress and decoration help any comic opera that was ever composed. So the stores of Liberty, the stuffs of Burnett, the skill of Alias, May, and Miss Fisher, the blonde tresses of Clarkson, and the pencil of Wilhelm, have been called into requisition to delight the eye and charm the late diners. This is just the pretty, graceful entertainment that the men like who have come up from the country to dine at the club, and the women appreciate who have pretty dresses to show in the stalls. Already the little Strand Theatre sparkles with diamonds and is starred with spotless shirt-fronts. Miss Violet Cameron, in a series of delightful dresses, is declared never to have looked so charming: the child actress has developed into a beautiful woman, and in voice, appearance, and figure this lady is said to be "in her prime." Place, therefore, such a pillar of attraction in the centre of choristers, dancers, odalisques, pretty girls with gauzy veils and soft, clinging gowns—and you have an evening's amusement that is at once voted first-rate by the *superchie* judges of stage beauty. A "chestnut" jest must be flung occasionally to the greedy gallery, but the stalls are content with their choristers and their Cameron. It is, in truth, a pretty show, arranged by one who has been responsible for the success of our best burlesques—the incomparable Miss Lydia Thompson; and it has one special feature that must win universal praise.

The music of Mr. Alfred Cellier is exceptionally charming and graceful, with orchestration to which one can listen with delight. The well-known chorus of Pensioners; the sleepy song, with its recollection of old English madrigals—so far as form and colour are concerned; the Balfe-like sentimental air for the Sultan, and the song that Miss Cameron sings over her sleeping sailor, are the gems of the musical score; though Miss Cameron wins a nightly encore for a dainty little melody by Tosti, whose love-songs rival those of Isidore De Lara in the drawing-room. There are three new-comers. The first and best is Mr. Ernest Birch, the popular young concert singer and composer, who has made a very successful debut in a regular theatre. He has a handsome presence, a fine figure, and his voice is far better than is usually found on the light operatic stage. His love-song was unanimously encored. Mr. Charles Danby, the new low comedian, is a strange mixture. He has based his humour on a study of Arthur Roberts, Arthur Williams, and Little Sandy. He is inclined to exaggerate, and so is his companion, Mr. C. H. Kenney, but the exaggeration was just what the audience seemed to require. Mr. Bracy is as conscientious and as unimaginative as ever. He is from this point of view a model tenor lover. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of "The Sultan of Mocha," it has enabled Miss Lydia Thompson to make an excellent start, and her experience and good taste will be equally appreciated by the public.

On Saturday next the Gaiety begins its new autumn burlesque, on the subject of Esmeralda, and popular Mr. George Edwardes will welcome his old friends and patrons. Miss Fannie Leslie, Miss Marion Hood, Mr. E. J. Lonnen, and Mr. Frank Thornton are the stars, and Mr. Charles Harris is responsible for the production. The German Reed boys and girls are coming back next Monday to the St. George's Hall.

The prospectus for the sixty-fifth session of the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution, Bream's-buildings, Chancery-lane, has been issued. Classes for both sexes will meet in the day and evening, beginning on Monday next. Among the subjects taught in the institution are—languages, mathematics; natural, applied, and mental science; art, history, law, and music. Special classes meet for the London University, Oxford and Cambridge Local, Civil Service, Legal, and other examinations. On Wednesday evenings lectures are given by authorities in their respective departments. A special course of Mitchell lectures on Political Economy, and a course on Hindu Literature and Philosophy, will be given.

The Registrar-General's returns for the past week show that in London 2507 births and 1164 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 180 and the deaths 245 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 11 from measles, 33 from scarlet-fever, 21 from diphtheria, 36 from whooping-cough, 14 from enteric fever, 2 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, 45 from diarrhoea and dysentery, 1 from choleraic diarrhoea, and not one either from smallpox or typhus. The deaths referred to scarlet-fever, which had increased in the six preceding weeks from 21 to 57, declined last week to 38 (including 12 in hospital), and were 3 below the corrected average. The deaths from whooping-cough, which had been 50 and 53 in the two preceding weeks, declined last week to 36, but exceeded the corrected average by 6. The deaths attributed to diarrhoea and dysentery further declined last week to 45, being 47 below the corrected average. The deaths referred to enteric fever, which had been 17 in each of the two preceding weeks, declined last week to 14, and were 10 below the corrected average. One death from hydrophobia (the first registered in London since May last) was of a child aged three years, a convalescent scarlet-fever patient, who was bitten by a dog on July 27 last. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 169, 160 and 142 in the three preceding weeks, rose again last week to 160, but were 41 below the corrected average.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Autumn styles in dresses show a decided reversion to the fashion of having only one material in a gown. Especially is this noticeable in the cloth and tweed dresses made up in what is called "tailor" fashion. No sort of garment is more suitable for the chill and dark days, which are, alas! so rapidly approaching, than that somewhat severe, trim, and unadorned kind of costume. But smartness is by no means absent from "tailor" gowns. The *chic* which has hitherto been given by the combination of velvet with woollen material, or that of plain and fancy stuffs, is replaced by the increased brilliancy of the design when only one material is used. It must be understood that combination dresses are by no means out of fashion. The proportion of gowns being made up in one material only by the leading ladies' tailors is, I am informed, about two out of every three. Even in the one-material dresses velvet collar and cuffs are permitted. For two materials, the polonaise is in high favour; the underskirt, which is but just revealed by the lifting of the draperies, and a vest and parements, being made of one material or pattern, and the rest of the polonaise of the second stuff chosen.

As regards the patterns, spots are returning to favour, generally being seen in union with stripes. Most of the really new fabrics show a stripe, with a spot upon it; and the three colours thus introduced are often much brighter than we have been accustomed to see in woollen materials. For instance, here is a chocolate plain stripe, alternating with a red spotted bottle-green stripe, the spots being each as large as a shilling. Last year, a fabric so striking would only have been worn as a small portion of a dress; this season, it is correct to make the entire gown of it. The spots are invariably large, and placed far apart. Checks have not made the "hit" that was anticipated, and are comparatively little seen in the new materials. In plain draps, the smooth-surfaced cloths are coming back to fashion, and certainly form an agreeable change after the long reign of frisé, and bouclé, and house-flannel cloths, which are now quite out of the mode. Satin-cloth is reappearing, and a new smooth-faced cloth called drap de velours is in great favour. In buying material for the "tailor" class of gowns, it is most important to see that it will stand a good pull without stretching out of shape, as the plain style of the drapery and accurate fit of such dresses demand firmness of the stuff. The new smooth cloths have been prepared with a view to this requirement; what was shown me the other day in Regent-street as "satin cloth" was far stronger than the material which formerly bore that name. It will be quite a pleasant novelty to see dresses again made entirely of one material.

The popularity of braiding is undiminished; indeed, it is extended to an order of garment which has not hitherto owned its sway—silk braiding is appearing on velvet and plush mantles. A sort of passementerie of fine pure silk braid is made by means of lace stitches holding the edges of the braid into patterns; and this is appliqué on velvet mantles as epaulettes, as pointed trimming between the shoulders and over the bust, and as ornaments on the ends of the bell sleeves, which are most fashionable for mantles. A truly magnificent Paris model has the larger part of its shape made of brown watered velvet (i.e., a silk stripe meandering about deep down within the pile of the velvet, producing the same effect that the glossy wandering stripe on the dull ground does in silk moiré antique), while the whole bell of the sleeve and a panel beneath it are of brown plush; trimmings for the ends of the sleeves, the panel, the shoulders, and a pointed collar are all formed of brown braid, made as above described into a lace-like passementerie. The moiré velvet of which I have just spoken is the newest material for mantles, and it is also being introduced into dinner-dresses and tea-gowns. All mantles are either long enough to cover the dress or very short; both kinds are fashionably favoured, made with hanging or bell sleeves, gathered to a point at their tips, and finished with an ornament.

In bonnets, a popular new shape has a moderately high and long crown, and an extremely long brim in front, going off in the middle, high above the brow, to quite a sharp point. It is like an exaggeration of the Olivia pattern front brim, familiar to everybody; but this point is a far more aggressive object than that was, and sticks out more over the forehead. Trimmings are still massed high at the front. Hats are fashionable in two quite new shapes, as well as in the more familiar ones which are still employed. The first of the two entirely new styles has rather a broad brim, narrowing to the back, standing straight out in front, and covered smoothly with velvet; it is trimmed to one side and on the top with feather tips intermixed with ribbon bows, while two long bows and ends of the same ribbon fall down far behind, floating on the back of the wearer. Lace is sometimes used to make the "streamers," and then the ends can be brought round the throat and fastened in front with a brooch or a flower. The other new fashion is the "Boulanger," often and more correctly called the "Admiral." This is in black felt, with a tall brim turned up close beside the high crown on both sides, and leaving a scoop back and front, while the top is trimmed with a great number of the cock's glittering and handsome tail-feathers. Bird-of-paradise tail-feathers, I regret to notice, are being much used on the new bonnets, intermingled with ostrich plumes and ribbons, and are largely replacing the osprey aigrettes that have so long been in vogue.

An amusing illustration has been given this week of the great mistake which the supporters of Newnham College have made in opposing the granting of Cambridge degrees to women. A Wolverhampton lady, once a student of Newnham, at which college she successfully completed the course a few years ago, has been figuring in Ireland as one of the "English Home Rule Union deputation." In this capacity she appeared as a witness for Mr. O'Brien. The lady, very naturally and justly, thinks that it will add to her influence to have it known that she has received an academic training. If she had been able to take her degree, "B.A." would be appended to her name, and her alma mater would have no more responsibility for her sayings and doings than the university has for those of any and all of its graduates. But degrees not being granted to women, the desired éclat has been added to the lady's name by appending the words, "Of Newnham College." The friends of the college hereupon have been made anxious lest it should be supposed that the institution is in some degree committed to the support of dynamitards, of moonlighters who go in dozens to shoot one honest man by his own fireside and in his mother's presence, of boycotters, and of ambushed assassins. Accordingly, a somewhat ungacious communication has been sent to the papers, stating that the lady Home Ruler of Wolverhampton is "not in any way connected at present with Newnham College." Yet, as she has passed through its course, and taken its certificate, she is surely not to blame for trying to make that fact known to the world. It is a funny incident. Will it convert Professor Sidgwick and his followers to the view—surely the common-sense one—that students who earn degrees should receive the right to use the well-known letters indicative of their attainments? F. F. M.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The sojourn in France of Lord Salisbury (who on Saturday last left Royat for the Châlet Cecil, near Dieppe) may have been particularly profitable at this juncture to the distinguished statesman who is at once the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary of England. His Lordship cannot fail to have gauged with accuracy the national sentiment of Frenchmen with regard to the unfortunate occurrence on the Franco-German frontier. It may, perhaps, be fortunate that the Marquis of Salisbury is enabled to study this vexed question in the country reasonably angered by such a savage action as the Kauffmann episode.

The Earl of Aberdeen—who successfully governed Ireland with a hand of velvet and a wrist of steel during his pacific term of Viceroyalty—is a nobleman as unlikely as anyone to counsel a course calculated to imperil the Union. Addressing a public meeting in the Porteus Hall, Crief, Perthshire, on Tuesday evening, the noble Earl boldly maintained as the fruits of his observations during his recent voyage round the world that Irishmen were thoroughly loyal to the Crown, that in India and in the Colonies they proved most able administrators, and that Home Rule for local affairs might with the utmost safety be granted to Ireland.

The mischief is that leading statesmen continue to argue in a circle with respect to the Irish problem. There is, unhappily, no prospect of their views approximating at present, albeit, as a matter of fact, it would be found on a fair and impartial comparison of opinions that they agree on the one essential point—that it is desirable to grant a considerable extension of local self-government to Ireland, as, indeed, to the whole of the United Kingdom.

So far from considering how they could find a common ground of agreement with the majority of the Liberal Party, Lord Randolph Churchill at Whiteby, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain at Birmingham, on the Twenty-third of September, both trenchantly blamed Mr. Gladstone for inconsistency in opposing the Government policy and action in Ireland; and Mr. John Morley, speaking with exemplary clearness and force to his constituents at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the following day, as pungently censured the Ministry for justifying the lamentable fatalities at Mitchelstown, and as stoutly as ever maintained that Irish Home Rule, if granted, should be a real and not a mock Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone, on his side, puts a bridle on his tongue. Invited to the "Capital of the Midlands," he deplores "the unhappy course taken at Birmingham in delaying the needful settlement of the Irish question, at the cost of many public evils, and among them the almost total loss of the time so much needed for British legislation. But with regard to my visiting Birmingham, I should wish to be assured that it would not inflame what I seek to allay." But should it not be the duty of Mr. Gladstone to make a fresh and determined effort to bring about a *rapprochement* with "Liberal Unionists"?

Sir William Harcourt's vigorous witticisms at the expense of the Government may tickle the ears of the groundlings; but the heavy jocosities of the right hon. gentleman contribute nothing solid to the solution of the Irish riddle. There is a season for satire and humour, and a season for sober efforts at conciliation. The interests of the country demand that all Parties should combine to settle the best form of extended local self-government for Ireland. Animated by this desire, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington at Nottingham, the Marquis of Salisbury at the Oxford meeting of the Union of Conservative Associations, and Mr. Chamberlain at Belfast, might easily and amicably arrange their differences, and, ere the autumn has passed, be smoking the pipe of peace over the clauses of the much-needed measure. But it is to be feared that personal rivalries and jealousies will prevent this greatly to be desired consummation.

Mr. Balfour has probably found more congenial soil this week in Scotland than in troubled Ireland. In the Sister Isle Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., defending his condemned speeches at Mitchelstown on humanitarian grounds, was yet found guilty of inciting to violence, and sentenced to two periods of three months' imprisonment, to run concurrently, but was admitted out on bail! This was on Saturday last. By a strategic journey, Mr. O'Brien, whilst thought to be speeding fast from Mitchelstown, doubled back to the suburbs of that town, and addressed a gathering on Sunday in a barricaded house. The regrettable fatalities at Lisdoonvarna and Mitchelstown have meantime been closely inquired into; and, with respect to the murder of Chief-Constable Whehelan, it appears that justice may be meted out to the captured "Moonlighters." There was another serious conflict between the police and the populace at Fermoy last Saturday, when a meeting, assembled to hear the perfervid oratory of Dr. Tanner, M.P., was broken up. Evictions continue here and there. But it is reassuring to learn that Mr. Ponsonby hastened over to Ireland to stop in person the ejectments intended on his estate in Youghal.

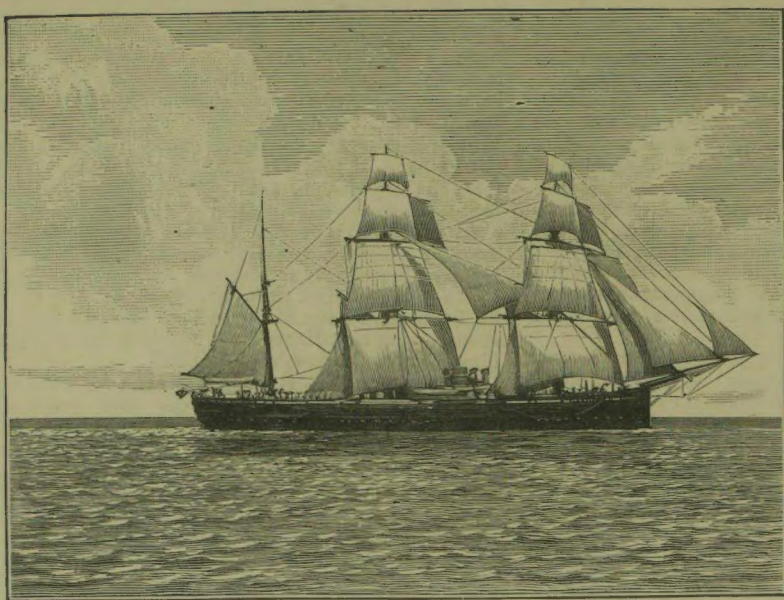
The Earl of Rosebery, forsaking polemics, on Monday aired his graceful eloquence as President of the Shorthand-Writers' Congress in the Jermyn-street School of Mines. Humour lit up his neat inaugural address. Returning thanks for a vote of thanks, Lord Rosebery gave an instance of the epigrammatic points Parliamentary stenographers occasionally put into the mouths of noble Lords who speak sometimes in too low a tone of voice:—

I asked a question of Lord Salisbury with respect to our late plenipotentiary at Constantinople, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, and the question was put that I asked if we were to understand that he was "in a state of suspended animation," to which Lord Salisbury, with equal point and readiness, was supposed to have replied, "No; rather in a state of animated expectancy" (Laughter). . . . I will recall exactly what passed, and I shall endeavour to ascertain afterwards—it might be a subject of discussion at the congress—which of the 481 systems of stenography it was that produced this amusing result (Laughter and cheers). I said to Lord Salisbury, after having had a few intelligent questions put previously—as a wind up I said, "Are we to understand, then, that Sir Henry Drummond Wolff is in a state of animated expectancy?" to which Lord Salisbury replied, in a conversational manner, "I will telegraph and ask him, if you like" (Laughter).

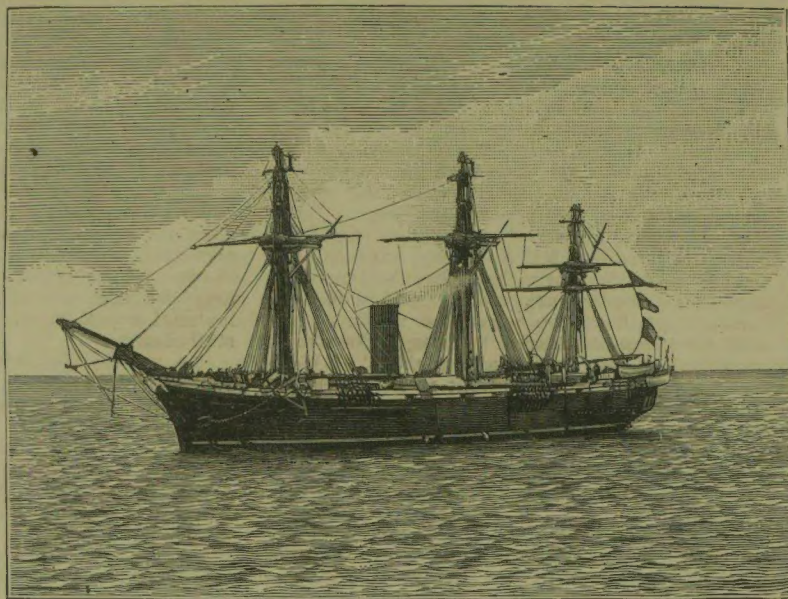
A beautiful and original monument in bronze has lately been erected in Westminster Abbey (against the south wall of the Baptistry) to the memory of the late Postmaster-General Mr. Fawcett. The work was designed and executed by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A.

The annual inspection of the 2nd Durham Artillery Volunteers took place at Seaham last Saturday, the Marquis of Londonderry, Viceroy of Ireland, being in command. The Marchioness of Londonderry presented the prizes won by the brigade in Scotland and at Shoburyness.

The excavations that are being carried forward at Pompeii are giving most interesting results. Early in September a wooden case was dug up, containing a complete set of surgical instruments, many of which are similar to those used in the present day. A few days later four beautiful silver urns of considerable height were found, together with four smaller cups, eight open vases, four dishes ornamented with foliage and the figures of animals, and a beautiful statue of Jupiter seated on his throne. Besides these silver objects several gold ornaments were found, such as earrings and rings. The excavations are being rapidly pushed forward.



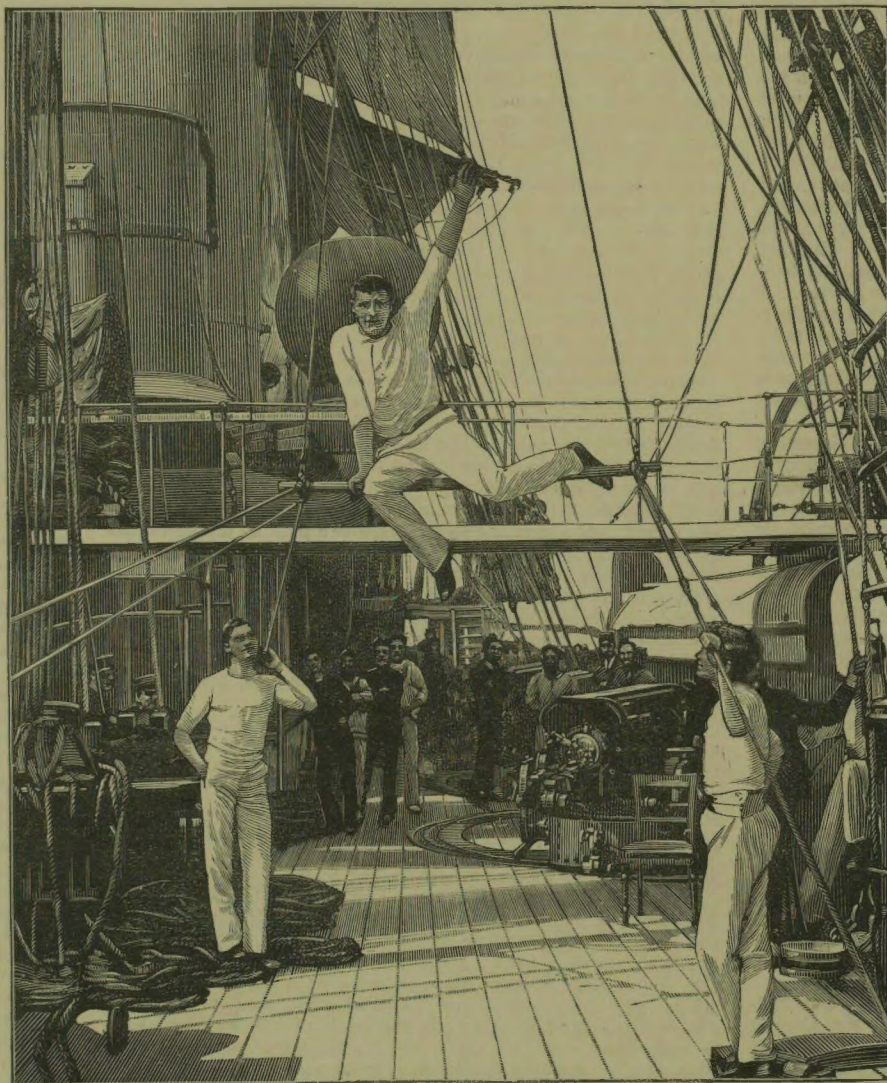
H.M.S. CALYPSO, CHASING.



H.M.S. ACTIVE, CLEARED FOR ACTION.

MODERN NAVAL GUNNERY.

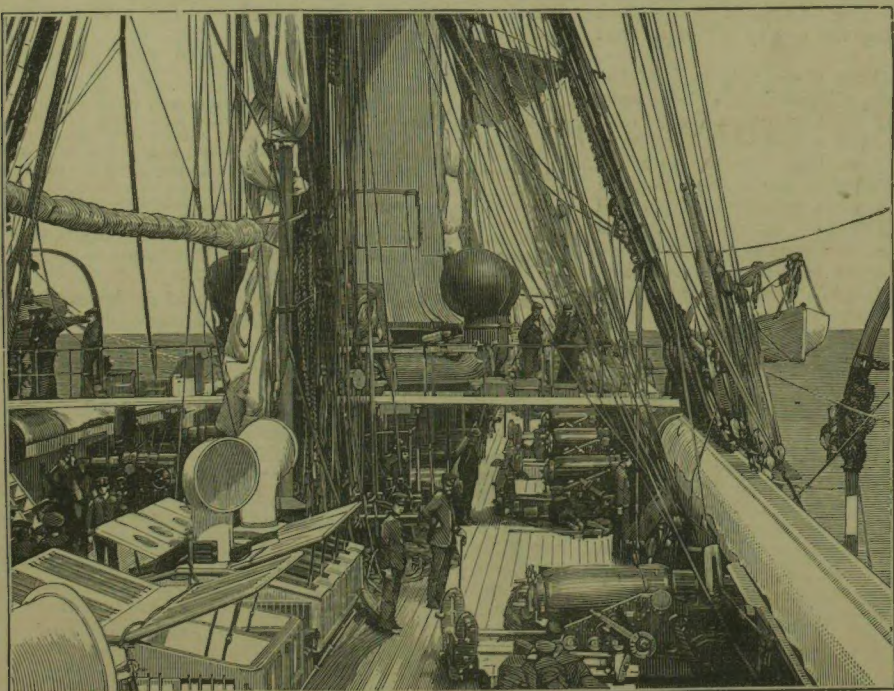
The manœuvres of the several naval squadrons which engaged in operations of mimic warfare in the British Channel and in the Irish Sea two months ago have become matter of past history. In presenting a few illustrations of the appearance of two ships of the C Squadron, one chasing under full sail, the other cleared for action, and of the scenes on deck at the moment of an impending conflict, our purpose is only to give an idea of the prescribed ordinary practice of the Royal Navy on similar occasions. It will, perhaps, be instructive to offer a few remarks on the training and regular drill now adopted by the service for the management of gunnery, limiting these observations to broadside guns of moderate size; for the huge turret-guns, weighing eighty tons, of ships like the *Inflexible*, the sixty-seven-ton guns to be furnished to the *Trafalgar*, and those destined for the *Benbow*, which will be of 110 tons weight, are worked and loaded by machinery with hydraulic-engine power. Seamen of the Royal Navy, who have undergone the course of instruction at Portsmouth, on board the *Excellent* or the *Calcutta*, are expected to have become familiar with guns of various kinds—guns worked with rope gear and cog-racer gear, muzzle-loading guns and breech-loaders and guns loaded by hydraulic machinery, together with Gatling guns, Gardners, and Nordenfeldts. This forms only a part of the course the men in training for gunnery seamen have to go through. It is evident that the progress of invention has a tendency to complicate these matters, and to make greater demands on men. "The English sailor," said an officer of high position in the Navy some time ago, "must know now much more than the average lieutenant of thirty or forty years since." It seems to be generally agreed that the six months' course for seamen gunners is rather a severe one. Their curriculum is certainly formidable. Besides a course with heavy and light guns, they have a course of field exercise, a course designed to afford a thorough knowledge of ammunition, a course of musketry, of cutlass and pistol, of hand and hydraulic management of turrets, of field and machine gun exercise, what is called a theoretical course, a school course, and a course



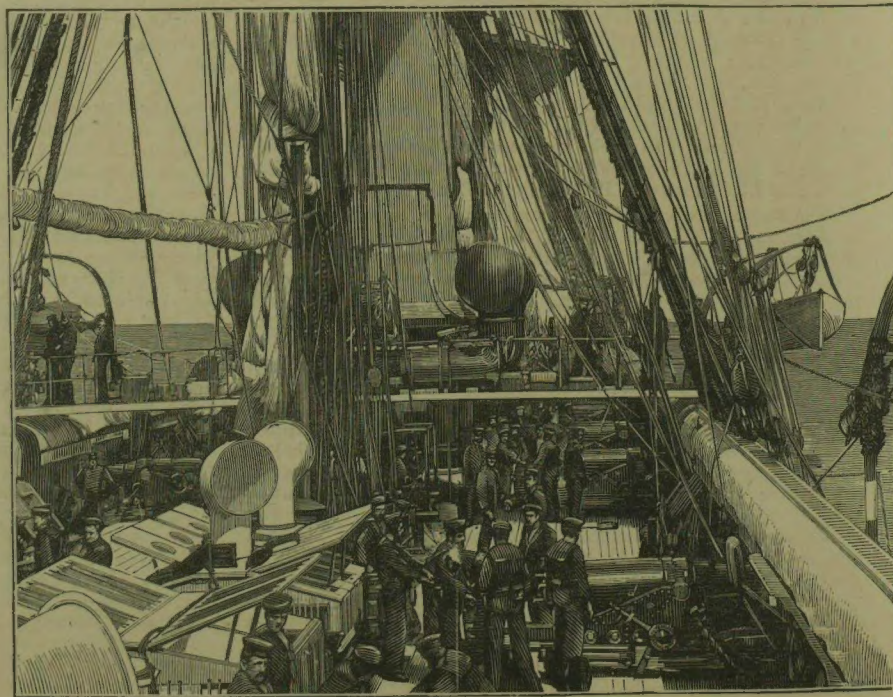
ATHLETICS ON BOARD.

of diving instruction. It should be remarked that every course is followed by an examination. In the school course a man must be proficient in simple and compound proportion, vulgar fractions, decimals, square root, logarithms, and plane trigonometry. He must understand the use of the sextant and barometer, the taking of angles and ascertaining distances. In the ammunition course, among other things he is expected to study and pass an examination on projectiles of all kinds, their use, the proportion in which they are allowed, how they are supplied and worked, and the method of filling them. He must understand all fuzes, method of fitting and mode of supply, every description of powder, cartridge case, ammunition box, night-signal box; all kinds of cartridges, the materials used, the making up and proportion allowed; general description of magazines and shell-rooms, their storage, working, ventilation, and precautions used; general description of war rockets, life-saving rockets, tubes, and fireworks, their use, supply, and stowage, and so on through a list of subjects. The brave old "Jack Tar" of the French war-time, the honest fellow celebrated in Dibdin's songs and in popular naval romances, and his superiors up to the rank of Vice-Admiral, were very far from this standard of professional education. We have no reason to doubt, however, that the manhood of the modern Navy is as good fighting-stuff as it ever was; and that with cultivated intelligence and exact knowledge, our man-of-war's men still possess the qualities of those who "sailed with noble Howe and sailed with gallant Jervis," and worked the guns for Nelson at Trafalgar.

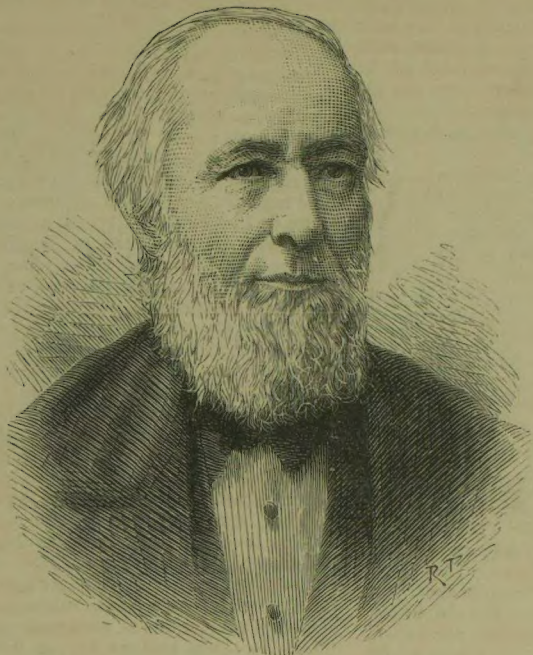
On Thursday week the Bishop of Peterborough consecrated the new church of St. Michael and All Angels at Belgrave, a rapidly-growing suburb of Leicester. It has been built by public subscription, as a memorial to the late Mr. Alfred Ellis and Canon Burfield, and very liberal grants in aid of the funds were made by the Leicester Church Extension Society and the Incorporated Church Building Society. Only a portion of the building is completed, consisting of a nave and choir under a roof nearly 120 ft. long and 35 ft. wide in one span, with a sacarium beyond at the east end, in which stands the altar.



AT GENERAL QUARTERS: "LIE DOWN."



AT THE GUNS.



MR. ISAAC PITMAN,
THE INVENTOR OF PHONOGRAPHY.



THE RIGHT REV. J. WAREING BARDSLEY, M.A.,
THE NEW BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

THE NEW BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

The successor of the Right Rev. Dr. Rowley Hill in the small insular diocese which comprises the Rural Deaneries of Castle-town, Peel, Douglas, and Ramsey, with a total population under sixty thousand, is the Right Rev. John Wareing Bardsley, one of a well-known Manchester family, several of whom have held important benefices and canonries in the North of England. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and took his degree of M.A. in the Dublin University. He was ordained priest in 1860, and has been, from 1870, Perpetual Curate of the district church of St. Saviour's, Faulkner-square, Liverpool; he has also been Archdeacon of Warrington, Acting-Chaplain to the Bishop of Liverpool, and Chaplain to the 19th Liverpool Rifle Volunteers. He was consecrated Bishop in York Minster, by the Archbishop of York, a few weeks ago. The Bishop of Sodor and Man has no seat in the House of Lords. This ancient See derives part of its title from the Norse or Danish name "Sodor," given to the southern islands along the western shores of Britain at the time when they were occupied by Scandinavian conquerors. The old cathedral of St. German's, romantically situated on a rocky islet in the harbour of Peel, has long been in ruins. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in his

mandate to the Ven. J. Hughes Gainnes, Archdeacon of Man, directed that the enthronement of the new Bishop should be performed at the "customary place," and the Archdeacon on Tuesday week enthroned Bishop Bardsley at St. Mary's, Castle-town. After the ceremony, the usual oaths were administered to the Bishop by the Lieutenant Governor of the island.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, Regent-street.

SKETCHES OF NEW GUINEA.

Among the Sketches, by Mr. Hume Nisbet, of the scenery and the natives of that part of New Guinea which has been annexed to the dominions of the British Empire, we next present one of a "lakatoi," or native trading-vessel, belonging to the village of Kerepunu, the kind of vessels employed in voyages along the coast westward to Port Moresby or Motu-motu. This part of the coast was first explored by Admiral John Moresby, R.N., in H.M.S. Basilisk, in 1872 and 1873. Kerepunu, which has been described, is situated in about the tenth degree of latitude south of the Equator, some two hundred miles east of Cape York, the most northerly point of Australia. The natives carry on much traffic by their annual coast navigation. In going to sea, two, three, or four of the

largest canoes are often placed side by side, and lashed together with rattans. The largest, bound together in this way, are called "lakatoi," the next in size being an "akona," one smaller an "atsi," and the smallest single canoe a "vanaki." The sails are made of the bark of the sago-palm, hammered into a sort of felt, or sometimes of matting; they are either square, and set between two masts, or of a picturesque elliptic shape. A lakatoi, being a compound vessel, may display half-a-dozen square sails; it is steered by oarsmen squatting on platforms which project fore and aft, and by other men with oars at the sides. The return of the fleet is anxiously expected in the villages to which it belongs; the inhabitants nightly assemble to chant prayers for a favourable wind. Sago, cocoa-nuts, and other produce of the more fertile districts, as well as foreign wares, are brought in exchange for the pottery manufactured by these people; and there are many dances and feasts to welcome the arrival of the Kerepunu traders when they come home safe and laden with riches.

Mr. Felix Joseph has presented to the Local Board of Sandgate, Kent, a number of valuable specimens of old Wedgwood ware, in the hope of forming the nucleus of a small ceramic art museum in that picturesque little town.



SKETCHES IN NEW GUINEA: A LAKATOI, OR NATIVE TRADING-VESSEL, OF KEREFUNU.

A CENTURY AGO.

OCTOBER, 1787.

The principal topic of this month, and the latter part of the last, was the press-gang. Certainly it was of ancient origin, for we know of its existence in the reign of Richard II., 1378, so that it had over four centuries to commend itself, if possible, to the seafaring mind. Jack never was brought to see the fun of finding, on his return home, that, touch at whatever port in the United Kingdom he was bound for, there, in all probability, almost before he cast anchor, the crew of an armed boat would board his vessel, and by very forcible persuasion induce him to enter the "King's Navee" for an indefinite period. This was indeed hard, for there were many chances against his seeing home again, and deep and bitter must have been his curses. If he escaped the kidnappers at port, and had a little liberty



ashore with Poll, Bet, or Sue, and had spent his pay, then, if he met with a gang he might perhaps get obstreperous, in which case he would get knocked over the head, and carried insensible on board the tender, where, on his waking, he would shrug his shoulders, and make the best of a bad job. War with France loomed in the very near future, and of course an economical Government had kept the *personnel* of the Navy as low as possible, so that, when a demand for seamen

sprang up, the usual method of offering a bounty was tried; and on Sept. 21 was issued "A proclamation for encouraging seamen and landsmen to enter themselves on board his Majesty's ships of war." And, by this, the bounty to all able-bodied seamen, not over fifty years of age, who should volunteer before Oct. 31 next, was to be two pounds, and landsmen not over thirty-five years of age might receive the munificent sum of twenty shillings.

This proclamation was never given time to work, and all faith in the Government must have been banished, for on the very day it was issued, so also were press-warrants, and a very strong press commenced on the river and all the villages on its banks. Several row-gallies, armed, went alongside all vessels in the river and stripped them of every able hand on board, leaving only boys to take care of the ships. It is computed that upwards of 1500 hands were pressed on that night, who were immediately conveyed on board tenders lying ready for the purpose. The same afternoon, press-warrants were sent from the Admiralty Office, by express, to every sea-port in England for impressing seamen into his Majesty's service to man the ships fitting out at Portsmouth. No wonder we read the following: "On Monday, coals were raised in the Pool 3s. a chaldron. This advance was occasioned by the colliers being stripped of their men by the press-gangs, and it is expected they will be raised again very considerably, as there are no men to be got to navigate them." As Colonel Quagg remarked, "Some took it fightin' and some took it lyin' down"; so, also, sometimes the sailors resisted, as we see in an extract from a letter from Dover, Oct. 2: "Saturday last, a skirmish happened here between a body of sailors and a press-gang, when several were much bruised on both sides. In the upshot the sailors proved victorious, and so made their escape for the time; but about two hours after they all entered and received his Majesty's bounty." Very much might be written about this press, were there space, but a little bit of sharp practice deserves to be recorded: "Wednesday, during the time of the regulating Captain examining the men on Tower Wharf that had been impressed into his Majesty's service, about twenty young fellows surrounded them to hear the examination, when a hint was given, and the gates of the wharf were shut, the draw-bridge drew up, and every one of them were safely conducted on board the tender."

There are several accounts of pretended press-gangs, consisting of twelve or fourteen fellows, all dressed in sailor's uniforms, and armed with bludgeons, who went about the east end of London obtaining money from labourers and mechanics, half-a-crown or five shillings each, to prevent their being put on board the tender. It is refreshing to know, in one case at least, that six of such a gang were captured, brought before a Magistrate, and committed by him to the charge of a real Lieutenant, who made prize of them all. Warrants were issued for apprehending all disorderly persons, vagrants, and such as had no visible means of gaining a livelihood, and pressing them to serve in the Army, and these warrants were backed in the City by the Lord Mayor. But the City stuck up, as they always have done, for the freedom of the subject, and, although they did not object to finding compulsory employment for the idle and disorderly portion of the community, yet the Lord Mayor refused to back the press-warrants in the City, and orders were given to the City patrol that if any press-gang was seen to drag any person out of the City without taking them before



a Magistrate, assistance was at once to be procured, and the officer and gang were to be apprehended in order to be punished. Still, not wishing to deprive the State of sailors, who were urgently needed, the *Patres Conscripti* thought they might be procured by more legitimate means, so they offered a bounty of forty shillings for every volunteer, and the first day over 200 took the bounty and were accepted by the Navy; and, later on, so many presented themselves that it made it very hard work

for the committee. This public-spirited conduct met with its reward, for this press was soon afterwards stopped, and on Nov. 3 the warrants were recalled by an Order in Council, and most of the colliers who had been impressed were released, orders being also sent to Liverpool, Bristol, and other ports to discharge all impressed men. Contemporary views of a press-gang are very rare, and the one given in the preceding column is especially valuable for the costume:—

But woe is me, the press-gang came and forc'd my Ned away,
Just when we nam'd next morning fair to be our wedding day.
The Banks of the Shannon.

The whole of this month was filled with rumours of war; all officers either had to join their regiments or give their addresses; and stores were rapidly accumulated. *Appropos* of this, there is a story told of a little sharp practice on the part of the Treasury Board. They advertised for 50,000 gallons of rum, and accepted all the tenders, amounting to 500,000 gallons, which, if tendered for, would have been at a much higher price. Luckily, however, the two countries of France and England saw the folly of each arming against the other, and a Memorandum was signed by both Powers at Versailles on Oct. 27, that all warlike preparations should be discontinued on both sides.

The *ana* of this month are not very remarkable. There is the chronicle of a curious septennial custom, which took place on old Michaelmas Day at Bishop's Stortford. This day was called *ganging day*, when a number of young men met in the fields, and elected one as their leader. This person they were bound to follow wherever he led them, and of course that was over a very rough route. Every person, male or female, whom they met was bumped—i.e., two were swung against each other. These revels over, they returned to the village, where every publican was bound to find, gratis, a plum-cake and a gallon of ale. The same newspaper has this paragraph: "At the hunt at Windsor, on Saturday last, there was a London Jemmy Jessamy with his horse's tail actually tied up in a bag, to the great merriment of the whole company. His saddle and stirrups were elastic, and the bridle decorated with ribbons." Perhaps some of my readers may not know a Jemmy Jessamy until he is pointed out to them. Here he is.



On Oct. 16 their Majesties and the Princesses had two little mites to play before them of the mature age of two and four years respectively, the atom of two performing on the piano. They were the children of a native of Newcastle, named Bryson, and were advertised to play in public at the corner of St. James's-street, Piccadilly, every day from eleven to three. Admission half-a-crown. After three p.m. they were open to engagements for private performances. Another musical prodigy of three years old, little Miss Hoffman, was playing (in 1787) sonatas, &c., in public on the organ, pianoforte, and harpsichord.

At every election for Parliament there was a sham one held at Garratt, a portion of Wandsworth, and the elected one was, until next election, always called the Mayor of Garratt, and usually conferred upon himself the dignity of knighthood. Such was the case with Sir Jeffery Dunstan, the then Mayor, and the last but one of those dignitaries. He was a buyer and seller of old wigs, a poor crippled dwarf, but, withal, a fellow of infinite humour, and much beloved by the mob on account of his wit. His daughter was married, Oct. 1, 1787, at the church of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, her friends and neighbours hiring all the hackney coaches in the vicinity. The bridegroom, aged sixteen, was a donkey-driver by profession; he was dressed for this occasion in a white jacket, with a short blue apron, and in his hand he carried a short stick. He was attended by a long train of Spitalfields weavers and donkey-drivers, holding the tails of each other's coats, while a bodyguard of friends, armed with sticks, guarded his coach. Sir Jeffery came by a different route, a path being made for him by the primitive method of beating the toes of the mob with bludgeons, and altogether a scene of good-humoured riot ensued.

There is another marriage chronicled this month, of "crabbed age and youth," which did not have such a happy conclusion. Oct. 10:—"A very odd wedding was celebrated a few days since at a house near Mile-end; the bridegroom was seventy-five years old, and the bride only nineteen. The former was attended to church by four young maidens, and the bride by the same number of young men; but, when the company came to separate, it was discovered the bride had eloped with one of the bridesmen, and about £800 in cash and jewels of her unfortunate spouse."

A sad story comes to us at the close of the month, for some wicked thieves committed sacrilege and theft in Westminster Abbey, taking the Verger's silver staff and cutting the gold lace off the altar-cloth. Not long before, they stole the silver top off the beadle's staff.

J. A.

A lending and reference library at the Carpenters' Hall, in London-wall, will be opened next Monday.

Messrs. C. W. Brown and W. C. Goulding, of the North London Tricycling Club, last week beat the twenty-four hours' tandem record on a "Marlboro' Club" tandem, manufactured by the Coventry Machinists Company, distance, 259 miles. The ride was timed by one of the N.C.U. official timekeepers, and was ridden between Hitchin and Norwich, via Peterborough and Wisbeach, and back. The former record was 231 miles. On Saturday, Sept. 24, Messrs. C. W. Brown and G. R. White, on the same machine, succeeded in covering 100 miles on the road in 7 hours 6 min. 50 sec., beating record by 23 min. 10 sec.

THE INVENTOR OF PHONOGRAPHY.

The jubilee, or fiftieth anniversary of the completion of that perfectly scientific system of shorthand writing known as phonography, which was invented by Mr. Isaac Pitman, and the tercentenary of the first English method, published in 1587, have been celebrated by a conference of adepts and amateurs meeting this week in London. Those among our readers who are entirely unacquainted with all the various expedients used for rapidly recording language may need a little explanation. The reporting of public discourses has often been performed, more or less successfully, with common handwriting, by adopting some abbreviations of words, and by omitting the subsidiary parts of speech in sentences, or substituting recognised marks for these, with the aid of which a person of literary skill and experience, recollecting what he had heard, could faithfully reproduce all that was essential and characteristic, perhaps in a form rather improved by superior grammatical compactness. Many of the best speeches delivered by our greatest Parliamentary orators, half a century ago, were most effectively reported, in the *Times* or the *Morning Chronicle*, by men who did not rely on the merely mechanical expedient of a method of noting down every syllable that was uttered, but who grasped the sense of every clause, set down its principal words, and, being familiar with the style of the speaker, could reconstruct the expression of his thoughts as well as he could have done for himself if he had written out his speech for publication. The modern practice of reporting for newspaper purposes has rather tended to load the printed debates with feeble and cumbrous verbosity, and to debase the standard of eloquence, encouraging a chattering colloquialism which is often tedious to the listeners, and is intolerable to readers. It appears that the abbreviated writing employed two thousand years ago by the Romans was not a phonetic record of all the syllables uttered by the speaker, but a set of marks or initials denoting common words; this is said to have been perfected by the grammarian Tiro, in the service of Cicero, and to have been used in reporting the speech of Cato on an important occasion in the Senate. The earliest known English system of phonography, or noting the syllabic sounds without regard to the ordinary alphabet, was introduced three hundred years ago. The following were the authors or teachers of different systems which, among others of less importance, preceded that of Mr. Isaac Pitman:—Timothy Bright, about 1587, continued by Peter Bales, 1590; John Willis, 1602; Edmond Willis, 1618; Skelton, 1620; Cartwright, 1642; Rich, 1646; Mason, 1672; Gurney, 1740; Byrom, 1767; Mavor, 1780; Taylor, 1786; and Lewis, 1812. It was not until 1837 that the system of Mr. Isaac Pitman was published, which is unquestionably far superior to every other. He was born at Trowbridge, Wiltshire, on Jan. 4, 1813, was educated in the grammar-school there, and at the age of twelve became a boy-clerk in the counting-house of a woollen-cloth factory, of which his father was manager. He read the best English literature, and studied Walker's "Pronouncing Dictionary"; he learnt Taylor's system of shorthand, and was able to report a slow speaker "verbatim." He was afterwards trained in the Normal College of the British and Foreign School Society, Borough-road, London, and appointed Master of the British School, Barton-on-Humber, in 1832. He established the British School at Wotton-under-Edge in 1836, and removed to Bath in 1839. His first treatise on shorthand, entitled "Stenographic Soundhand," appeared in 1837, and he became the originator of the spelling reform, to which, and to the propagation of his system of phonetic shorthand, he has devoted his entire attention since 1843, in which year the Phonetic Society was formed. His system of shorthand was entitled, "Phonography, or Writing by Sound" in 1840, and his "Phonographic Reporter's Companion" appeared in 1846. The Phonetic Institute at Bath is really a phonetic printing-office, and a publishing house for the dispatch of phonetic books to all parts of the world. Mr. Pitman edits and prints the *Phonetic Journal*, which has a large weekly (20,000) and monthly circulation. It records the progress of "writing and spelling reform," in the ordinary orthography, containing articles in the "first stage" of the spelling reform and in phonetic printing with an enlarged alphabet, furnished with thirteen new letters, and gives specimens of shorthand printed from movable types. Besides printing his own instruction-books for teaching phonetic shorthand, Mr. Pitman has issued a little library of books printed entirely in shorthand, ranging from the Bible to "Rasselas."

The "International Shorthand Congress" was opened last Monday in the lecture theatre of the Geological Museum, Jermyn-street, with an address from Lord Rosebery, the president. It has been continued daily through this week. A bust of Mr. Isaac Pitman has been presented to his family. The portrait is from a photograph by Mr. F. C. Bird, Milsom-street, Bath.

ARCHERY.

Last week was marked by one of the most brilliant performances ever accomplished by the National Archery Champion, Miss Legh. At the prize day of the Cheltenham Society, when the season badges for score and hits were competed for, she scored, on the National Round, 420 from seventy-two hits, having made every arrow shot by her in six dozen. Thus, from her allotted four dozen at 60 yards, she compiled 264; and from her two dozen at 50 yards, 156. Mrs. Piers Legh also made a fine score of 369 with sixty-seven hits, sixteen of which were golds, of which Miss Legh had eleven. Nor was excellence in shooting confined to the ladies, the York Round by gentlemen being characterised by such compilations as 446 by Mr. T. T. S. Metcalfe with 104 arrows, 399 by Captain Mynde Allen with eighty-nine, and 359 by Mr. Piers Legh with eighty-five hits. Among the competitors were Mrs. Lister, Miss Cholmondeley, Miss Milne, Miss Carnegie, Mrs. Battiscombe, Mr. Hulme, &c. The badges for score and hits for the season were won by Mrs. P. Legh, score 1284, hits 254, and by Mrs. Metcalfe, score 1003, hits 221. Miss Legh took the first prize for handicap score, Miss Carnegie the second, and Miss M. Hilton the third, corresponding distinctions rewarding the scoring by Mr. Legh, Captain Allen, and Mr. Hulme. Best golds were bracketed with the names of Miss Rock and Captain Allen, and visitors' best gold with that of Mr. Battiscombe. The weather was fine, and fifteen ladies and seven gentlemen put in an appearance at the targets. The occasion was selected for the annual competition, in the Montpellier Gardens, for the Gloucestershire bronze medal, under the regulations of the National Archery Society for that contest. Miss Cholmondeley won the medal, with the highest score—namely, 275; the other contestants scoring as follows:—Miss Milne, 266; Miss Carnegie, 254; Mrs. Metcalfe, 205; Miss Rock, 176; Miss M. Hilton, 128; and Miss Foll, 122, all of whom shot the National Round.

Some interesting relics of Captain Cook's voyages in the South Seas were recently discovered in Sir Joseph Banks's museum, in a recess which had not been opened for half a century. Sir Saul Samuel, the Agent-General for New South Wales, has bought the collection, which will be placed in the State Museum at Sydney.

DR. WENDELL HOLMES IN ENGLAND.

One Hundred Days in Europe. By Oliver Wendell Holmes (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington).—Among the various agreeable tokens of growing mutual regard between society in England and in the United States was the remarkable cordiality with which Dr. Wendell Holmes was everywhere welcomed in his visit to this country last year. He is, certainly, not the greatest of American literary men whom we have seen here in this generation; for Emerson, Longfellow, and Hawthorne, the historian Motley, and James Russell Lowell, the accomplished critic, have been with us; and some can yet remember Washington Irving. But Dr. Holmes, though he has not, like several just named, been the author of poems, romances, histories, and ethical or critical discourses, equal in value to the best products of modern English literature, is deservedly a favourite American writer. His mind is eminently sociable and communicative; and he lets us into an intimate familiarity with the mental habits of Boston middle-class society, unconstrained by the affectation of European fashions, more frankly than any other writer. This is the charm of local originality that we feel in the "Autocrat," the "Professor," and the "Poet," that delightful series of "Breakfast-table" orations, with humorous sketches of New England life and character, which has made us quite at home with the people of his native city. Boston seems as near to us as Edinburgh, or as any great provincial town of Great Britain, through his genial current of discursive talk, with its peculiar Bostonian flavour, which we recognise as a preserved, improved, double-distilled extract of the old English spirit of humorous shrewdness and common-sense. A refined, polite, scholarly, gentlemanly, dignified, amiable, and honourable "Sam Slick"—to those who recollect that original humourist, as portrayed by Judge Halliburton fifty years ago—the presiding genius of the Boston boarding-house conversations is a person who has made his mark distinct, if not deep, in the minds of this generation. As a humourist, his faculty is less active and creative than appreciative; he sees and shows the funny side of human nature, with all its oddities, to which he is kindly indulgent; and the genial smile of true benevolence sheds the light of comedy upon them. Wholesome, sensible, and cheerful, the writings of such an author have naturally gained favour in England, which is now more disposed than formerly to claim intellectual fellowship with America; and we are happy to learn, by this report of his late visit to our country, that Dr. Holmes was pleased with the universal disposition to honour him and to make him comfortable. He ranks, in point of mental and personal activity, with the "Grand Old Men" of our time, having been born in 1809, the year of the birth of Mr. Gladstone; he has had a share of professional work, as a medical practitioner and teacher of anatomy, besides his literary avocations; but the freshness and buoyancy of his spirits, and his eager interest in the spectacle of life around him, seem happily unimpaired. Apart from these agreeable manifestations of his own character, it must be admitted that his observations in England do not teach people who live in England anything they did not know before. He refrains, perhaps judiciously and very properly, from reporting any conversations he may have had with the many distinguished persons whom he met; and Londoners will probably care less than Bostonians to learn who were among the company at Lady Rosebery's crowded soirée, or with whom Dr. Holmes and his daughter sat down to dinner at the table of Mr. Phelps, the American Minister, of Sir William Vernon Harcourt, of Archdeacon Farrar, or of Sir Henry Thompson. There is an air of provincial simplicity in these grave accounts of such incidents as are of everyday experience with those who are slightly in contact with "the golden web of London social life"; but the author seems to have left his humour and sportive gaiety outside the circles of English fashion. Occasionally, instead of himself describing the entertainment and the guests at a grand house, he borrows a passage from the diary kept by his daughter, Mrs. Turner Sargent, who does not fail to mention the gentleman who took her in to dinner. An American lady might well be surprised on entering an aristocratic mansion, to find that it required "six men in satin knee-breeches" to usher her father and herself from the front door to the drawing-room; and might wonder, at a dinner-party somewhere else, to see "a gilded ewer and flat basin with water, to wash with," and "finger-bowls" after that, passed round the table. Many readers, however, in this country find no novelty in such customs, so that remarks on them fall rather flat. Among the eminent or well-known individuals encountered by Dr. Holmes were the Prince of Wales, and one or two other members of the Royal family; Mr. Gladstone, and several of his Ministerial colleagues; Mr. Bright, the Archbishops and some Bishops, Lord Tennyson, Mr. Browning, Sir John Millais, Lord Coleridge, the great London physicians and surgeons, and the Dons of Oxford and Cambridge. His position, as a distinguished American man of letters, fairly entitled him to be personally introduced to them; and it was not to be expected that he would gratify popular curiosity, if any be still felt in America, concerning their demeanour and conversation in private society. He describes, indeed, with just the due amount of reserve, a visit of two days to Tennyson's house in the Isle of Wight, where he strolled for hours with the Poet Laureate under his favourite trees; but he refrained from asking Tennyson to recite a few verses of his own poetry. If he had visited Wordsworth at Rydal, in his first tour of England, he would have had to hear some of that Poet Laureate's verses without asking. One of the visits that he most enjoyed was at Oxford, in the house of Professor Max Müller; and he stayed there on another occasion, at Balliol, with Professor Jowett, the Vice-Chancellor, when he attended the tumultuous assembly in the Sheldonian Theatre to receive his honorary degree, along with Mr. Bright. The Universities of Cambridge and of Edinburgh likewise conferred public honours on Dr. Holmes; who describes the quaint ceremonial, and gives, in the former instance, an extract from the Latin speech commending "illa colloquia antemeridiana, symposia illa sobria et severa, sed eadem festiva et faceta," at the Boston Breakfast-table. His literary catering of "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" was returned, apparently, by the solid hospitalities of members of these Universities, as well as by those at Oxford. But when the genial author got away from official and aristocratic dignities, he seems to have enjoyed himself more. It was fifty years since he had been in Europe: from 1833 to 1835, residing at Paris as a medical student, and seeing a little of England and Scotland in 1834. We all know the great alterations in that half century. They were remarked by Dr. Holmes, of course; but he must have reflected that still greater changes have taken place in his own country. If he were an inhabitant of New York, instead of Boston, he would not, perhaps, have been so much impressed with the size and populousness of London. He was in Dover-street, Piccadilly, for six weeks of May and June, and a week or two in August, finding time to see Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the British Museum, and to do some shopping, amidst the manifold social invitations he accepted. He went to the Derby, going in the special train

which carried the Prince of Wales; he went, as most Americans do, to see Windsor Castle; he had seen the Tower of London before. He went, not for the first time, to Stratford-on-Avon, as the best of the Americans do; he sojourned at Malvern, at Salisbury, and at Brighton, being for one month with his daughter kindly entertained and conducted to these places by their friends Mr. and Mrs. Willett. The narrative of this part of his English experiences is really interesting, because the author had leisure, in rural scenes and in quiet country towns, and with such associations as those belonging to Stratford-on-Avon and to Salisbury, for a congenial vein of meditation. It is, however, not to be compared with some of Hawthorne's chapters in "Our Old Home," or with what has been written on similar themes by Washington Irving, Mr. Henry James, and other American visitors. Dr. Holmes, indeed, feels the unequalled graces of English rural scenery, the exquisite charm of neat and orderly cultivation, the unfailing verdure of our fields and hedgerows, the beauty of our noble parks, the soft undulations of many a landscape; and he is a great admirer of our trees, though he declares, having measured some big ones, that there are bigger oaks and elms in Massachusetts. We would rather have met him on the banks of the Avon than in Piccadilly or Pall Mall; he did not visit the banks of the Tweed. In London "society," agreeable as it may be, with all its courtesies, there is little or no genuine conversation—certainly none that could satisfy the ideal of a free exchange of thoughts and sentiments, presented by Dr. Holmes in his famous Breakfast-table Talk. He does not tell us of any good thing said in his hearing. As for the week that he spent in Paris, he seems there to have had nobody to talk with at all; nobody called on him, and he called only on Dr. Pasteur, whom he honours for his scientific labours directed to the cure and prevention of a terrible disease. We take leave of our amiable American visitor of last year with sincere esteem, thanking him for the cordial goodwill towards Old England that is expressed in this small volume. It must, nevertheless, be pronounced a very second-rate literary contribution to the large class of books descriptive of our country and our social life.

MUSIC.

Musical activity has not yet fully recommenced, but is on the point of doing so; the earliest instance thereof being the resumption, on Oct. 8, of the Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts, which will then enter on their thirty-second season. The arrangements for these, and other important forthcoming serial performances, have already been referred to by us.

A new opera, entitled "Macaire," was produced at the Crystal Palace Theatre last week. The book is written by Mr. George Fox, who is also the composer of the music. He had been previously known by some cantatas and other works which met with favourable reception. That now referred to is based on the well-known French story of "Robert Macaire," the title-character having been sustained by the author-composer, and that of Jacques Strop by Mr. J. G. Taylor. Other parts were efficiently filled by Madame Bauermeister, Miss Lucy Franklein, and Mr. Herbert Reeves. The music is slight in structure and detail, but comprises much that is agreeably melodious, and will probably please in the provincial tour for which it is, we believe, intended. Its Crystal Palace performance was conducted by Mr. J. Pew, formerly associated with the Carl Rosa opera company.

Among the earliest important musical specialties of next month will be the twenty-second triennial festival at Norwich, beginning on Tuesday evening, Oct. 11. Prominent features in the performances will be the production of two new oratorios—"The Garden of Olivet," by Signor Bottesini, and "Isaiah," by Signor Mancinelli; both composed expressly for the festival, and each to be conducted by its composer—as we have previously announced.

To the list of forthcoming serial performances already given is to be added a new season of national concerts at the Royal Albert Hall, taking place on Oct. 31, Nov. 30, Jan. 25, and March 1 and 17—to be conducted by Mr. William Carter, whose excellent choir and eminent solo vocalists will contribute to the programmes.

Londoners and visitors to the metropolis have been well provided for during the interregnum of several weeks past by the Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden and Her Majesty's theatres. At Her Majesty's Theatre a Balfe night was given last week, the success of which led to its repetition on Monday.

The inauguration of the new academic year at the Royal Academy of Music last week (at the institution in Tenterden-street, Hanover-square) was the occasion of an address from the principal, Professor Sir G. A. Macfarren, who delivered an excellent discourse on various points connected with musical study. The John Thomas Welsh scholarship (residence of two years) was competed for last week, and, out of five candidates, was awarded to Llewela Segwedd Davies.

Brixton is promised an exceptionally attractive concert. On Monday evening next, Mr. Joseph D. McLaren, of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden, will give a vocal and instrumental concert at Brixton Hall. Mr. Barton McGuckin, the popular operatic tenor, is to sing here for the last time previous to his departure for America. Madame Julia Gaylord, Mr. Redfern Hollins, Miss Harriett Kendall, Mr. Henry Pope, Carlo Ducci, and Mr. G. H. Betjemann are also to appear.

Mr. W. B. Redfarn, J.P., the Mayor of Cambridge, has been appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Cambridge.

A meeting, presided over by the Marquis of Ripon, to promote an affiliation scheme in connection with Cambridge and Durham University extension lectures, was held last week at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the first town to adopt the affiliation scheme. The Right Hon. John Morley, M.P., spoke of the value of the course of lectures as leading to a general activity of the intellect which would enable the artisan to grasp instruction thoroughly when it was offered abundantly. He also eulogised the scheme as valuable to elementary teachers. Their present teaching, he said, was too mechanical, but the present movement would supply the deficiency. The University of Cambridge in the work it had undertaken was doing an immense good not only to the cause of education and improvement of the intellect, but it was doing a great good to the cause of social union and amalgamation. This was a movement which brought all classes together, in which those who were rich in knowledge and attainment were doing their best to make all partakers of their riches. He wished the enterprise every success, and he hoped that that great city would take an active part in the movement that had been begun, and that all of them who had influence in any capacity would do their very best to show the workmen that they valued the knowledge, and the means of knowledge, which were now placed within the reach of the inhabitants of that town, and that all classes would unite in availing themselves, and in inducing all others to avail themselves, of those blessings of knowledge which they had now the opportunity of acquiring.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 29, 1882) of Mr. George Benton, late of Clyne House, Stretford, Lancashire, railway contractor, who died on June 10 last, was proved on the 10th ult. at the Manchester District Registry by Mrs. Elizabeth Benton, the widow, and James Benton, George Benton, and John Benton, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £606,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000, and all his jewellery, plate, pictures, books, furniture, musical instruments, and articles of household use and ornament to his wife; he also leaves her his residence, Clyne House, for life, and £1000 per annum so long as she shall remain his widow; and £5000 to each of his children living at his decease who shall live to attain twenty-one. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children equally, the children of any deceased child to take their parents' share, except the daughter of his deceased son William, for whom he has already provided.

The will (dated July 19, 1886) of Sir Francis Somerville Head, Bart., late of Newberries, near Watford, Herts, who died on Aug. 26 last, was proved on the 13th ult. by Francis Somerville Head and James Head, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £91,000. The testator bequeaths £400, and all his jewellery, plate, consumable stores, horses, carriages, and such pictures as she may select to his wife, Dame Mary Jane Head; he also gives her the right to use and enjoy his residence, Newberries, with the furniture, the remainder of the pictures, and effects, for life. Subject to the interest given to his wife, he gives his estate of Newberries, with the said furniture and effects, to his son James. He also bequeaths £200 each to his brothers Henry Bond Head and the Rev. George Head, and to his sister, Mrs. Julia Maria Burges Ramsay. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his two sons, the said Francis Somerville Head and James Head.

The will (dated April 19, 1886), with one codicil, of John Simpson Rutter, of The Cedars, Richmond, Surrey, formerly of Wolverhampton, deceased, who died on Aug. 27, 1887, has been proved by Harriette Elizabeth Rutter, his wife, Edward Rutter, his son, Henry Morton Cotton, and Alfred Lovejoy, his executors and trustees. The personal estate is over £60,000. He gives his wife all his plate, furniture, &c., and an immediate legacy of £200. He devises his freehold house and lands called The Cedars, to his trustees, upon trust, for sale, the income to be paid to his wife, for life, his said wife to occupy the premises until sale. All the residue of his real and personal estate is given to his trustees, upon trust, for sale. The trustees are directed to pay from the proceeds the following legacies:—To his son Edward Rutter, £1000; to his executors, Henry Morton Cotton and Alfred Lovejoy, £100 each; £25,000 to be invested, the income to be paid to his wife, for life, on her death, to four of his children; £11,250 is to be invested for the benefit of his daughter, Mary Louisa Rutter, and her children; £9250 for the benefit of his son Frank Rutter, and his children; £10,250 for the benefit of his son John Clement Rutter, and his children; £7250 for the benefit of his son, Edward Rutter, and his children; £3000 for the benefit of Elizabeth Homer Rutter, the widow of his deceased son, Richard Woodd Rutter. The residue is given to his wife, Harriette Elizabeth Rutter.

The will (dated May 18, 1887) of Mrs. Sarah Foster, late of No. 30, Ovington-square, Brompton, who died on June 29 last, has been proved by the Rev. Henry Brooks Foster and Arthur Foster, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £34,000. The testator bequeaths £20 each to the Great Western Railway Widows' and Orphans' Benevolent Fund (Paddington Station) and the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage Fund; and there are many other bequests. She appoints the Rev. Henry Brooks Foster, Arthur Foster, Miss Frances Rowley Lascelles, Miss Charlotte Maria Lascelles, and Llewellyn Morgan residuary legatees.

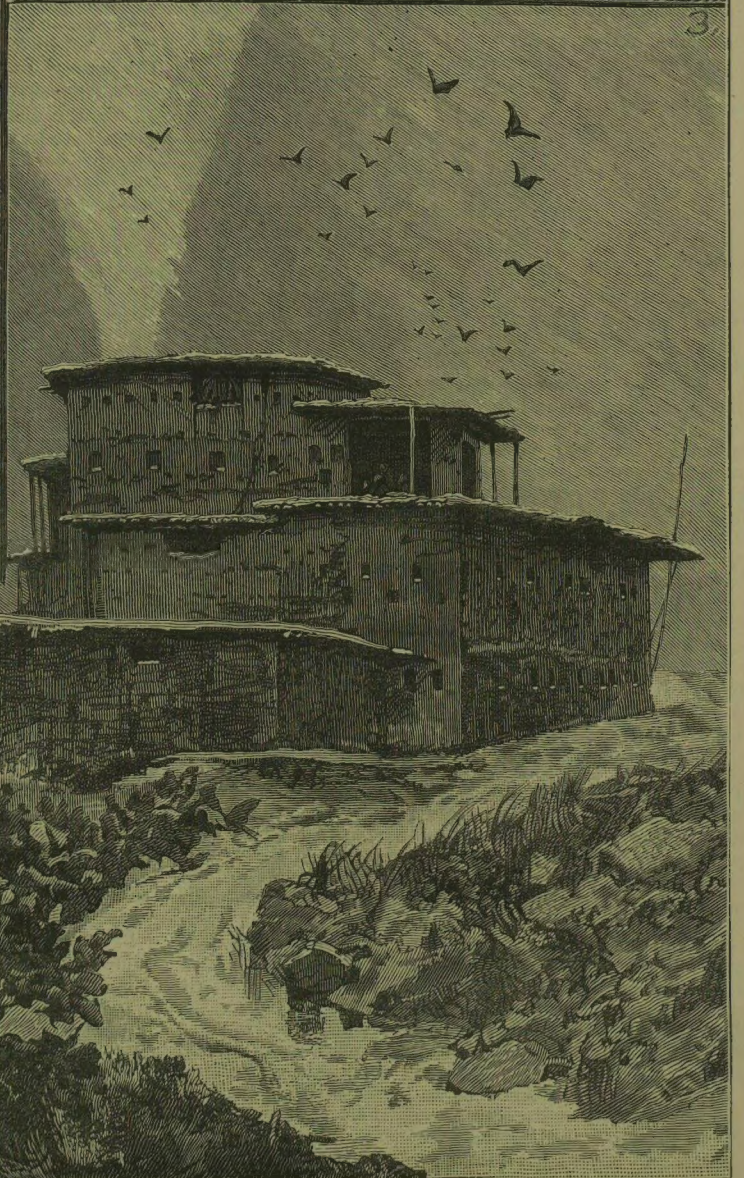
The Irish Probate, granted at Belfast, of the will (dated Dec. 23, 1878), with three codicils (dated Dec. 23, 1878; Aug. 25, 1880; and May 7, 1883), of Sir Edward Coey, Knight, late of Merville, Whitehouse, in the county of Antrim, who died on June 26 last, to Thomas Sinclair, George Smith, and Thomas Stewart Dixon, the executors, was resealed in London on the 16th ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testator gives legacies to relatives, executors, and others, including £1000 to be divided between the persons in his employment in any capacity whatever. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate is strictly settled upon his grand-nephew, Edward Coey. A sum of £1500 per annum is to be paid to his said grand-nephew, during a period of accumulation.

The will (dated Oct. 2, 1886), with a codicil (dated April 27, 1887), of Mrs. Lucy Pargeter, late of No. 21, Hanger-lane, Ealing-common, who died on Aug. 15 last, was proved on the 3rd ult. by George Henry Pargeter, the son, and Robert Henry Sayle, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £24,000. The trusts and dispositions of the will are in favour of testatrix's children, George Henry Pargeter, Lucy Esther Howard, Caroline Beatrice Pargeter, Florence Martha Pargeter, and Richard William Pargeter.

The will (dated Feb. 21, 1882) of Mr. Charles Frederick Green, late of Harrow-on-the-Hill, Middlesex, has been proved by Mrs. Martha Davis Green, the widow and sole executrix, the personalty being sworn at £20,412 9s. 3d. The testator gives to each of the following persons a legacy of £500, duty free:—his grand-daughters Florence Woodin and Ellen Martha Adams, Fanny Still, Edgar Green and Ellen Brooks (his son and daughter by his first wife), Mary Ann Green (his son's wife), and Henry Brooks (his daughter's husband); and he gives the residue of his property to his widow, absolutely.

We have much pleasure in announcing that, on the recommendation of the First Lord of the Treasury, her Majesty has been pleased to approve of a grant of a Civil List Pension of £100 to Mrs. Richard Jefferies, in recognition of her late husband's services to literature. The Queen has also sanctioned a grant of a Civil List Pension of £100 per annum to Sir John Steel in recognition of his eminence as a sculptor.

Parcels not exceeding 7 lb. in weight will, on and from to-day, Oct. 1, be received at any post-office in the United Kingdom for transmission to France, Algeria, Corsica, Tunis, and to Italy, via France. The following are the rates of postage for a parcel:—To France, not exceeding 3 lb., 1s. 4d.; exceeding 3 lb., but not exceeding 7 lb., 1s. 9d. To Algeria or Corsica, not exceeding 3 lb., 1s. 9d.; exceeding 3 lb., but not exceeding 7 lb., 2s. 2d. To Tunis, not exceeding 3 lb., 1s. 11d.; exceeding 3 lb., but not exceeding 7 lb., 2s. 4d. For a parcel to Italy not exceeding 7 lb., 2s. 1d. Parcels addressed to certain places in France will not be carried beyond the nearest railway station, where they will be delivered on application. No parcel for France must exceed 2 ft. in any direction. Exceptionally, parcels which slightly exceed 2 ft. in length are accepted for transmission provided that their other dimensions are inconsiderable. For Algeria, Corsica, Italy, or Tunis, greatest length, 2 ft.; greatest length and girth combined, 4 ft.



1. Palms and snow.

2. A high road in the Atlas.

3. An independent Berber village, near Hasni, in Sus.



WICKED SPORT.



RETURN IN PENITENCE.

A S A D D O G ' S D A Y .

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Sept. 27.

An incomprehensible incident on the Franco-German frontier has once more evoked the spectre of war. Last Saturday M. Lebègue and some friends were returning from shooting at Vézaincourt on the frontier, when three shots were fired. The first shot missed; the second killed a beater, Brignon; the third wounded in the knee M. De Wangen. Whence came the shots? The German Police Commissioner declares that the assassin was a soldier, Richard Kauffmann, who fired because he was told that the gentlemen were poachers. It appears that there is much poaching in the frontier forests, and that of late the keepers have been accompanied in their rounds by soldiers. Kauffmann maintains that he only fired after having cried "Halt!" three times; the parties fired upon declare that they heard no call. Doubtless diplomacy will smooth over the affair; but one never knows when an incident will arise which diplomacy will be unable to smooth over.

Paris is beginning to put on its winter aspect. The trees, it is true, are still green and leafy; but the sellers of roasted chestnuts are appearing with their portable ovens at the street corners, and simultaneously with the chestnuts appear those harbingers of winter, which ought rather to be harbingers of spring, were not our modern world all upside down—I mean, violets, sweet violets. Another sign of approaching winter is the innumerable cart-loads of wood that you see in the streets, and the wonderful display of new heating apparatus, especially portable stoves. Half the shops in the Avenue de l'Opéra seem to have been hired by inventors of economical stoves. But the surest sign of coming winter is the return of the "belles Parisiennes," and the brilliant aspect of the theatres, gay with beautiful faces and charming toilets. Last night there was a particularly distinguished audience at the Comédie Française, where Mlle. Marthe Brandès made her début in Alexandre Dumas's wonderfully clever play "Francillon." Mlle. Brandès did not play the title-rôle with the distinction and finesse displayed by Mlle. Bartet, who created it, but rather gave a new rendering of it—less aristocratic, less refined certainly, but still powerful, dramatic, and personal. Mlle. Brandès is very young, and with her strong talent and fascinating physique, she will doubtless prove to be a valuable acquisition to the company of the Comédie Française. At the Nouveautés an opera-bouffe, "Les Saturnales," has been produced with fair success. The scene is laid successively at Rome and at Pompeii, at the moment of the Saturnalia, and a gay vaudeville ensues, with music by Lacaire. "Les Saturnales" is nothing wonderful; it is a lightspectacle for the clubmen and young bloods, who will crack their gloves nightly in applauding Mlle. Jeanne Granier, who is really remarkable both as an actress and as a singer. After all, this piece is amusing. In the third act, at Pompeii, Bomilcar, a Carthaginian masquerader, says to the waiter of his hotel, "To-morrow we will visit the ruins." "There are no ruins yet," replies the waiter, "but if you don't mind waiting a while."

The scandals of the week are not peculiarly interesting. In the first place a so-called journalist, Odilon Crouzet, treasurer of the Association of Republican Journalists, has been arrested for spending the money of his colleagues, and malversation on a grand scale. In the second place, Dr. Castelnau, writer of medical articles in *L'Intransigeant* newspaper, has been arrested on the charge of substituting a corpse, and complicity in defrauding an insurance company. Black, very black, sheep, it appears.

Prince Napoleon's book on "Napoléon et ses Détracteurs" is simply a vigorous and virulent reply to M. Taine's recent study. The Prince takes one by one the authorities whose testimony M. Taine chiefly used—Prince Metternich, the Abbé De Pradt, Bourrienne, Miot De Melito, and Madame De Rémusat—and demonstrates that each and all are partial and unworthy of credence. All this is well enough in its way, but it will not settle the difference existing between the admirers and the disparagers of the first Emperor. Prince Napoleon brings no new document, and throws no new light on the subject. One of the curious passages of the book is that in which he explains the way in which he edited Napoleon's correspondence under the Second Empire, and from which it appears that only about one third of the great Emperor's letters have seen the light; the rest have been suppressed, either as repetitions or because their publication would have shown the Emperor in a manner in which he would not have wished to appear in history. This admission on the part of the Prince proves that his edition of the Emperor's correspondence justifies the criticism which has been made upon it by M. Taine and others. The history of Napoleon I. still remains to be written.

Oddly enough, while Prince Napoleon's book was attracting attention to his great uncle, a report was put in circulation the other day to the effect that the tomb of Napoleon at the Invalides had been violated, and the ashes scattered to the winds. Any violation of this tomb is materially impossible, and if the ashes of Napoleon were really placed there at the time of their translation, May 7, 1861, they are there still. The report, however, has suggested a curious problem. Is it Napoleon's heart, or a sheep's heart, that rests under the dome of the Invalides? The story told in the *National* newspaper by M. Ch. Flor—who relates it on the authority of Dr. Carswell, who was a friend of his family—is this. On May 6, 1821, Dr. Antomarchi, assisted by Dr. Thomas Carswell, made an autopsy of Napoleon's body at Longwood. Night interrupted their operations; and when they resumed, the next morning, they found that the rats had eaten the Emperor's heart, and so, to make the corpse complete, they replaced the missing part by the heart of a sheep!

M. Canovas del Castillo, chief of the Spanish Conservative party, has arrived in Paris. The Comte de Paris's manifesto has caused certain deputies to revive the question of the expulsion of the remaining Princes of the Orleans family—the Duc de Nemours, the Duc d'Alençon, the Prince de Joinville, and the Duc de Chartres. It is to be hoped that the Chamber of Deputies will take no new measures in this sense. The *Journal Officiel* publishes curious details about the movements of the population of France in 1886. In half the Departments the population is decreasing—that is to say, there are more deaths than there are births. In the Department of the Bouches du Rhône the excess of deaths over births is 3114. In all France in 1886 there were 283,193 marriages and 2949 divorces. The largest number of marriages was in the Department of the Seine, 25,409; and the largest number of divorces, 650, also in the Department of the Seine.

T. C.

The Queen Regent's tour in the Basque provinces is over. She returned to Madrid on Tuesday night, and drove from the station to the palace with her little son and daughters, all looking well, after nearly two months' absence. The Queen received a loyal welcome from people of all classes, who had gathered to see the Royal party pass. The Corps Diplomatique were present at the station, and the route was beautifully illuminated. Her Majesty was received with loud cheering.—The International Congress for the Protection of Children was

opened on Monday at Cadiz, and was well attended by delegates from various States.

On Sunday there was a military and civil fête at Antwerp. It has been organised with the view of providing a "Widow and Orphan Fund" for the Belgian press, and to aid those journalists who may have temporarily fallen by the way.

In the sitting of the Netherlands Second Chamber yesterday week the Minister of Finance brought forward the Budget for 1888, showing an estimated deficit of 12,300,000 fl., which raises the total accumulated deficit from previous years to 25,000,000 fl. The Minister explained this result as due to the expenditure on great public works in course of execution. The ordinary services from 1885 to 1887 will, however, show an excess of revenue over expenditure, and the deficit in the ordinary service for 1888 will be met by the East Indian Budget surplus.—The Budget for the Dutch East Indies for 1888 was presented in the Second Chamber last Saturday. The deficit is estimated at 5,000,000 fl.; but the services from 1885 to 1887 will show a substantial excess of revenue over expenditure. The outlay on account of railway construction is estimated at 6,750,000 fl., and the new telegraphic cable connecting the islands of Java, Bali, and Celebes is calculated to cost 1,100,000 fl.

The Emperor William arrived at Baden-Baden in excellent health on Monday morning. His Majesty was received at the railway station by the Emperor of Brazil, who is staying there, and by the chief civil and military authorities. Prince and Princess William of Prussia were present on Thursday week at the launch of a German cruiser at Kiel, intended to replace the Ariadne. On the arrival of their Royal Highnesses, salutes were fired by all the war vessels in the harbour. The christening ceremony was performed by the Princess, who gave the new vessel the name of the Princess William. The launch was successfully effected, amid loud cheers from the spectators on the quay, the band playing meanwhile the German National Anthem. Yesterday week Prince Von Bismarck celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his appointment as Prime Minister of Prussia at Friedrichsruhe. A gift and a letter were received from the Emperor William, and Prince and Princess William and Prince Henry of Prussia congratulated the Chancellor personally. The Crown Prince has been obliged to leave Toblach in consequence of the sudden setting in of cold weather. His throat has lately been examined again by Sir Morell Mackenzie, who reports that satisfactory progress is still taking place.—The Emperor of Brazil and the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden yesterday week attended the Conference of the Red Cross Society at Carlsruhe. A telegram was received from the German Empress in reply to the message sent to her Majesty on the previous day.

The Emperor of Austria has returned from Transylvania to Buda-Pesth, whither Count Kalnoky and Count Bylandt, the War Minister, have also gone to take part in the Ministerial Conference about the Common Budget of Austria-Hungary. The Crown Prince on Monday opened at Vienna the International Hygienic Congress with an address, in which he said the individual—the most precious capital of States and societies—is powerless against the hurtful influences which surround us all, and hence the necessity of united action. He welcomed the delegates in the name of the Emperor. On Tuesday the committee received an invitation to hold the next meeting in London.

A curious discovery has recently been made among the archives of Buda-Pesth. Five hundred hitherto unpublished wills, dated from 1852 to 1874, have turned up, thirty-four of which are still valid. Consequently all sorts of testamentary dispositions are upset, and many complicated lawsuits are expected, which will furnish plenty of food for Hungarian lawyers.

The Czar and Czarina of Russia, with their children, attended Mass on Monday in the Greek Church, and subsequently gave a déjeuner on board the Derjava to the Danish, English, and Greek Royal families. During the day several members of the Royal families were seen walking in the principal streets of the capital. They met at a family dinner at Amalienborg Palace in the evening. After dinner the Imperial and Royal parties attended a performance in the Theatre Royal, and returned by special train to Fredensborg. The Czar drove to and from the theatre in an open carriage. The King of Denmark, accompanied by the Crown Prince, the King of the Hellenes, the Czarowitz, the Duke of Sparta, and Prince Albert Victor went to Ringsted on Wednesday to attend the great autumnal manoeuvres.

A telegram from Moscow states that all the Russian papers have received an official intimation to abstain from attacks on Germany and Prince Bismarck.

Four Englishmen residing at Smyrna have been captured by brigands while out shooting in the neighbourhood.

The first of the races for the America Cup took place on Tuesday over the inside course of the New York Yacht Club. The Volunteer in the result was nineteen minutes, fifteen seconds ahead of the Thistle; but on calculating the time allowance it was found that she had won by eight minutes. Great excitement prevailed in New York from an early hour in the morning. Every available craft was crowded with spectators, who were somewhat disappointed at the unpromising appearance of the weather. At one time it seemed doubtful whether the race could be run within the stipulated time; but later in the day matters improved, and the homeward journey was much better than the outward one.

A Reuter's telegram from Toronto states that there has been a great fire at Gravenhurst, destroying nearly the whole town.—A tornado, accompanied by violent rain, has swept over Brownsville, Texas, and Matamoras, in Mexico and the vicinity. The Rio Grande rose to such a height that it overflowed its banks and deluged the country, causing great destruction to crops and houses. No loss of life is reported.

The Viceregal Council of India has passed the Bill for the establishment of a university at Allahabad, and also a Bill providing for the administration of the estate of the ex-King of Oude, who died on the 20th ult. His Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad, the first of Indian Princes and our oldest ally in Hindostan, has written a letter to Lord Dufferin offering as a free gift a donation of twenty lakhs for two years, or in English money the very handsome sum of £400,000, to be devoted to the defence of the North-West Frontier.

The future Empress of China has been selected for the Emperor, by the Empress-Dowager, from the family of a Manchou nobleman, Duke Chao. The Emperor, Kuang-Hsu, whose name in English is "Succession of Glory," is now in his seventeenth year.

The sixth annual show of the Royal Windsor Poultry, Pigeon, Rabbit, and Cage-Bird Association was held last week in the Home Park. There were upwards of 1100 entries, the exhibitors including the Countess of Desart, the Marchioness of Ely, Lady Kathleen Cuffe, and the Aylesbury Poultry Farm and Food Company. Prizes amounting to about £250 were awarded to the successful competitors. Lady Ely gained a first prize in one of the rabbit classes.

OBITUARY.

SIR W. VERNON GUISE, BART.

Sir William Vernon Guise, of Elmore Court, in the county of Gloucester, fourth Baronet, J.P. and D.L., F.L.S.; F.G.S., died on the 24th ult. He was born Aug. 19, 1816, the eldest son of General Sir John Wright Guise, third Baronet, G.C.B., by Charlotte Diana, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Vernon, of Clontarf Castle, in the county of Dublin; and was educated at the Royal Military College of Sandhurst. He held, formerly, a commission in the 75th Regiment, and was subsequently Colonel-Commandant Royal South Gloucestershire Militia. Sir William, who succeeded his father April 1, 1865, married, June 27, 1844, Margaret Anna Maria, eldest daughter of the Rev. D. H. Lee-Warner, of Tyberton Court, Herefordshire, and Walsingham Abbey, Norfolk, and leaves issue. The eldest surviving son, now Sir William Francis George Guise, fifth Baronet, was born April 3, 1855, is J.P. and D.L. for Gloucestershire, and Hon. Major 3rd Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment. The Baronet just deceased was a well-known geologist and antiquary, and founded the Gloucestershire Archaeological Society.

LADY HOUGHTON.

The Right Hon. Sybil Marcia, Lady Houghton, wife of the present Lord Houghton, died at Crewe Hall on the 19th ult. Her Ladyship was fourth daughter of Sir Frederick Graham, Bart., of Netherby, by Lady Jane Hermione St. Maur, his wife, daughter of the twelfth Duke of Somerset, K.G.; was married June 3, 1880, and leaves one son and three daughters.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Rees Goring Thomas, M.A., of Plas Llannon, county Carmarthen, J.P. and D.L., on the 19th ult., aged sixty-two.

Dr. Henry Westera Lentaigne, son of the late Right Hon. Sir John Lentaigne, C.B., D.L., at Hunter's Hill, Sydney, New South Wales, the result of an accident.

Mr. Richard Berridge, of Ballinahinch Castle, Connemara, county Galway, on the 20th ult. (just two months after the death of his wife), aged seventy-nine.

General Charles Francis Fordyce, C.B., a Crimean officer of distinction, present at the Alma, Inkermann, and Sebastopol, on the 23rd ult.

Augustus Frederick Gore, C.M.G., F.R.G.S., lately Lieutenant-Governor of St. Vincent, only son of the late Captain the Hon. Edward Gore, youngest son of the second Earl of Arran, K.P., on the 21st ult., aged sixty-one.

Dr. Frank Ogston, late Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the Aberdeen University, on the 25th ult. He was eighty-five years of age, and retired from his professorial duties four years ago. He was the author of a standard work on medical jurisprudence.

Major-General Henry Hyde, Royal (late Bengal) Engineers, on the 23rd ult., aged sixty-two; entered the Army, 1844, and attained the rank of Major-General in 1878. His services included the Punjab Campaign, capture of Mooltan, and the Battle of Goojerat.

Mrs. Gibbs, of Tyntesfield, Wraxall, Somerset (Matilda Blanche), third daughter of Sir Thomas Crawley-Boevey, Bart., and widow of Mr. William Gibbs, of Tyntesfield, on the 24th ult., aged sixty-eight. This lady, known throughout the West of England for her munificent charities, gave the chapel to Keble College, Oxford, and to the endowment of that college she and her family contributed generously.

Mr. George Augustus Rochfort-Boyd, of Middleton Park, county Westmeath, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff in 1843, on the 18th ult., aged seventy. He was only son of Mr. Abraham Boyd, King's Counsel, by Jane, Countess of Belvedere, his wife, daughter of the Rev. James Mackay; and assumed by Royal license, in 1867, the prefix surname of Rochfort, on succeeding to a considerable portion of the Rochfort estates.

Earl Percy laid the dedication-stone of the new church of St. John the Baptist, at Lower Caversham, last Saturday, in the presence of a large assemblage.

The Chapel Royal, Whitehall, which has been closed for several weeks, will be reopened for Divine service to-morrow (Oct. 2); and the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, on Sunday, the 9th inst.

A loan exhibition is to be opened to-day (Saturday) in the Townhall, Ipswich, consisting of the works of deceased Suffolk artists, which include Gainsborough, Constable, H. Bright, S. Read, and others. The collection of Gainsborough's and Constable's works—towards which the Queen has contributed a fine picture of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland walking in Windsor Park by Gainsborough, and sixteen smaller contributions—is of a highly interesting character, as it illustrates Gainsborough and Constable in every style, including their pencil and water-colour sketches, crayons, large and small oil portraits, and landscapes. The Crown Princess of Germany has sent two sketches by Gainsborough. The whole exhibition will consist of about 300 works.

The Harris Trustees, Preston, have granted out of the funds at their disposal £30,000 towards the furnishing and endowing of a technical school for Preston. Of this £10,000 only can be spent upon the building and furnishing. After consulting with members of the Royal Commission and others, the council of the Harris Institute, the present technical school, have decided to apply to the Preston Corporation for a grant of £10,000 towards the erection of the new school, it being felt that £20,000 will be required to build and furnish an efficient school, which will contribute largely to the improvement of the operatives and artisans and to the commercial development of the district. The Preston Corporation have already consented to provide a central site. The operatives are memorialising in support of the application.

Several additions have recently been made to the Art Gallery at Guildhall, and two of the most prominent works were placed in permanent position on Monday. These are large water-colour paintings, each about ten feet high, from which the fine tapestries obtained from the Windsor Tapestry Works for the Mansion House were copied. One represents a joust on London Bridge between David Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, and Lord John De Welles, Ambassador of King Richard II. of Scotland, in 1390; and the other the City champion receiving from the Lord Mayor the City's banner, at St. Paul's Cathedral, in the reign of Henry III. Other paintings recently added are "The Poacher," by E. Bird, R.A., presented to the gallery by Mr. Rome, a member of the Corporation; and "Cymon and Iphigenia," presented by Alderman Sir F. W. Truscott. The gallery, which is free to the public, contains rather more than a hundred works of art.

THE COURT.

Divine service was performed at Balmoral Castle on Sunday, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal household. The Rev. A. Campbell officiated. Viscount Cross had the honour of dining with the Queen. Her Majesty is in good health.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Major-General Sir C. Teesdale, arrived at Marlborough House on Thursday week from Denmark. The King of the Belgians visited his Royal Highness on Friday. The Prince presented new colours, on Saturday last, to the 1st Battalion of the Norfolk Regiment, now in camp at Aldershot. After presenting the colours the Prince said that it had afforded him sincere gratification to present colours to a regiment which had always been distinguished for its faithful service and good conduct. His Royal Highness lunched with Colonel Massy and the officers of the regiment; and subsequently visited the Church of England Soldiers' Institute. The Prince and suite witnessed the performance of "Pleasure" at Drury-Lane. His Royal Highness went off to Scotland on Sunday evening, arriving at Ballater station at noon on Monday. He was met at the station by Sir Patrick Grant and Mr. J. T. Mackenzie, of Kintail. Her Majesty's Guard of Honour, under Major Grant, was in attendance, and gave a Royal salute. His Royal Highness drove to Balmoral. The Prince is to be the guest of the Queen at Balmoral and of Lord Fife at Mar Lodge during his stay in the north, which will not exceed a fortnight. There will be a series of deer-drives in Mar Forest during the Royal visit, and a ball is to be given at the Lodge.

The Austrian authorities at Pola entertained at a banquet on Wednesday week the Duke of Edinburgh and the officers of the British Squadron in the Mediterranean. Complimentary speeches on both sides were followed by an illumination and a pyrotechnic display. The Mediterranean Squadron, under the command of the Duke, arrived yesterday week at Zara, where his Royal Highness was welcomed by thousands of people who had assembled on the quay. A splendid fête was given by the Municipal authorities on Saturday evening in honour of the British Mediterranean Squadron. It was attended by several thousands of people. The Duke and Duchess and Prince George of Wales attended Divine service in the Orthodox Greek Church on Sunday; and on Monday their Royal Highnesses visited several churches and the Donato Temple, over which they were conducted by Conservator Glavinic, who explained to them the details of the remarkable edifice. In the evening a ball was given at the residence of the Governor, to which more than 400 invitations had been issued. The British Mediterranean Squadron has proceeded to Cattaro, where it is expected to remain for about ten days. Everywhere great festivities are being organised.

STATUE OF MR. HUGH MASON, M.P.

A statue of the late Mr. Hugh Mason, who died in February, 1886, and who was M.P. for the borough of Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire, proprietor of the Oxford Mills cotton-spinning factory, and Mayor of that borough for three successive years, has recently been erected there. It was publicly unveiled, in Chester-square, on Saturday, the 10th ult., by the widow of that gentleman, at the request of the Memorial Committee, of which Mr. D. F. Howorth was honorary secretary and Mr. John Talent was treasurer, with 2500 subscribers. The ceremony was attended by the Mayor, Alderman John Wilson, and the Town Council of Ashton-under-Lyne, and the Mayor of Hyde, Alderman Cheetham, in their robes of office, Mr. Addison, M.P., and the leading townsmen and neighbours. A large procession, including the Sunday schools, the Temperance societies, and various institutions of the town, walked with the members of the Corporation, from the Townhall, through Market-street, George-street, and Stamford-street, to Chester-square. The statue, of which we give an illustration, is the work of Mr. J. W. Swynnerton, sculptor, and is considered to be a capital likeness. The arms are loosely folded in an attitude which the late Mr. Mason sometimes assumed, and the right foot is advanced energetically. In front of the statue is the inscription, "Hugh Mason. Born 1817. Died 1886." The statue is 8 ft. high, and is of bronze, about three quarters of a ton of metal having been used in the casting. With the cast it weighs 18 cwt. The London founder who had engaged to cast the statue being very busy, the work had to be done in Paris. The pedestal is of granite, 11 ft. 6 in. high, and weighing 11 or 12 tons. Surrounding the whole is a fine iron rail, 4 ft. 6 in. high, all of wrought iron, with ornamental lamps at the four corners.

The Governors of Guy's Hospital have received an anonymous donation of £400 from "E. M. G."

The pheasant season, which commences to-day (Saturday), promises to be a fairly good one. The month just closed proved that partridges are abundant, and in fine condition.

Mr. Charles Dickens, will leave London next week for an extended tour in the United States, where he is engaged to give readings from his father's works.

The Norwich Town Council have bought Norwich Castle, which was formerly used as a jail, and intend to adapt it for use as a museum.

The public are cautioned against approaching the red-deer in Windsor Great Park, as some of the animals are dangerous in October.

A mutiny broke out on Sunday amongst the boys on board the reformatory ship Akbar, lying in the Mersey, and seventeen of them have been remanded by the Liverpool Magistrate, some being charged with thefts of jewellery from the master's cabin, and others with absconding from the ship.

At a meeting of cab proprietors and drivers in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, on Monday evening, it was resolved by an overwhelming majority to maintain the present four-mile cab radius, as against a proposal to extend it to five miles from Charing-cross.

Lord Napier of Magdala, presided on Monday evening at a dinner at the Hôtel Métropole in commemoration of the relief of Lucknow. He recounted the events connected with the turning point in the Mutiny, and rehearsed the particular deeds of each officer at Lucknow who was present at this celebration.

Mr. A. B. Kempe, of the Western Circuit, has been appointed to the Chancellorship of the Diocese, which became vacant by the elevation of Mr. Justice Charles to the Bench. Mr. Kempe, who was secretary to the Royal Commission on the Ecclesiastical Courts, also holds the office of Chancellor of Newcastle.

Sir Bernhard Samuelson on Tuesday opened at Exeter the autumnal meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce. He said the accounts of trade and navigation showed that real improvement in trade had taken place. He urged the importance of improving our technical and our commercial education, and adverted to the possibility of a monetary panic being produced by the currency and tariff arrangements of the United States.

THE DESERTED HAMLET.

In its palmy days the "toon" never boasted of more than a dozen families. As individuals died or removed, their places were left vacant, and so it came that house after house stood tenantless. When neglected, thatched roof's soon disappear of their own accord; they required no removing, and Nature is left to do in time with the stone walls what she has already done with the roofs. The sounds and the sights indicating the near presence of man, which used to be so cheering after a journey of six or seven miles over a desolate moor—how you miss them now! First there was the Highland bull, with the long horns, wavy hair, flaming eyes, and that majestic attitude so becoming his sovereign position, that rarely failed to appear beyond sight of the houses, and to challenge your right to pass. Knowing he didn't mean harm, you merely stood and admired him. Seeming to feel his greatness, when it was acknowledged in this fashion, you were allowed to proceed quietly on. Next you met a superannuated horse, so busily engaged endeavouring to make the most of bad teeth as to have no observation for anything but food. Once across the hill and in sight of your destination, two colliers signalled your arrival by barking loudly, while they ran to meet you, followed by a younger dog of the same breed. One taking each side, with the young dog behind, they formed themselves into an escort that saw you into their mistress's presence, their tails now wagging in token of friendliness. And the good old lady, whose eyes beamed with kindness—who could ever forget the warmth of her welcome! Considering how difficult of access was her home, her visitors were numerous, and included people of all sorts and conditions. Scarcely a tramp entered the county without giving her a call. She might be found striving to entertain a gentleman of this roving character in one end of her house, and a nobleman in the other. With tramp and nobleman her manner was alike, the same graciousness marking her treatment of both. Taking advantage of hospitality, tramps and tinkers would sometimes prolong their visits beyond reasonable limits, and only be driven off at last by fresh arrivals of other wanderers. They all claimed their turn, and as the benevolent lady could only provide accommodation for a certain number, one set of troublesome guests was merely changed for another. Well-meaning friends might remonstrate, saying that she would allow herself to be ruined; but no argument could check her liberality. She had been always so; it was too late to introduce a harsh policy now, and, perhaps, through being compassionate, she had gained, not lost. Were the blessings which she received not worth more than they cost? She believed they were. At any rate, she was as well off now as ever she was, even when her husband lived, and though life could offer no adequate compensation for his loss, were not her sons in the rich, far-away land successful beyond all expectation? While they had of the world's goods she would not want, and while she had, no poor creature would be turned from her door. Boy-like, Willie would occasionally complain, saying that he did not understand why she should shelter "everybody," only to receive the soft answer that turneth away wrath. Willie was the Benjamin of the family, the youngest, the best loved. With concern his mother observed how rapidly he approached manhood. Much as she loved him, dearly as she wished he could remain with herself, Willie, for his own sake, would soon have to leave her. There was a place in the far-away land awaiting him, and prospects of riches, if he only went. But Willie looked on the qualification for riches with a dread equal to his mother's. How could he exchange his native place for anything that the world should give? The valley, with the river running through it, and the high and peaked hills, rising immediately beyond, he had learnt to love until, in his devotion, it seemed that they existed for him and he for them. He felt as if a separation would eliminate the glory of his spiritual nature, and leave him a cold, calculating, and disappointed representation of himself. The hills that gave him an interpretation of some new chapter in the book of Nature every morning that he rose—were these teachers of mysteries to be forsaken with indifference because they figured things that had no acknowledged place in the counting-house? Having once reared a young cuckoo, the fate of that bird gave him forebodings of his own fate. At the close of summer, the cuckoo, being found drowned in a neighbouring burn, was suspected of having committed suicide, with the object of reaching, in spite of docked wings, the land its spirit longed for.

All regrets were unavailing when the time came for leaving. The country that seemed so far away was only England, and it was represented to him that after a journey of some hours he would be "at home" again, in an infinitely grander home than that among the hills. But then he had never been away from the hills for more than a day or so at one time. With tears in her eyes his mother urged him to accept proffered fortune. He was not to mind the clinging of maternal weakness; she would console herself with the thought that he would come to see her sometimes. Thus they parted. When he did come, the meeting that promised so much joy was, to him, one of sorrow. She was passing into the far land whence there is no return, leaving him to consign what was mortal of her to the little, lonely burying-ground by the firs at the top of the valley. Having done this, and being now reconciled to the country of his adoption, he returned. Though fortune prospered his undertakings here, the place of his birth remained as dear as ever. Like the cuckoo, he longed to fly away, but could not. Then sickness came, with her stern orders, saying that another climate was necessary. So he enjoyed the hills once more, for a too brief season, with their varying humours, one day smiling, the next frowning. This was enough for him, but not for his medical advisers. What were these insignificant hills compared with the Rocky Mountains, where they could promise him health? Though they told him it was a question of life or death, he left his native hills with regret, and only in obedience to the pressing wishes of friends. Many thousands of miles were thus placed between him and the peaceful glen. But finding, when too late, that the benefits anticipated from the Rocky Mountains were a delusion, that he could never return alive, he had only one request—that he might be buried at the foot of his native hills, beside his mother.

That new wall which is being built, in place of the tumble-down dyke, over there where the herd of red-deer appear to be so much at home—Willie lies within the inclosure, beside his mother. In a place where neglect reigns supreme it is pleasant to find this little spot cared for. It speaks of tender memories in the midst of desolation.

J. S.

The East London School of Elocution, at the People's Palace, Mile-end-road, was opened on Thursday evening, when Mr. Samuel Hasluck, the director, gave the opening lecture.

At a meeting of the delegates of the Hospital Saturday Fund held last Saturday at the board-room, 41, Fleet-street, under the presidency of Mr. John Halpin, the secretary (Mr. Robert Frewer) reported that the fund was fully £1000 in advance of last year at a corresponding period. He believed that considerably more than £10,000 would be divided among the various London hospitals, dispensaries, &c., as against £9750 last year.

H.M.S. TRAFALGAR.

The largest and strongest ship of the British Navy was launched at Portsmouth Dockyard last week, and was christened by Lady Hood, wife of the Senior Naval Lord of the Admiralty. The Trafalgar is 345 ft. long between the perpendiculars, and 73 ft. broad. Her load draught of water will be 27 ft. forward and 28 ft. aft when fully equipped for sea, and her displacement tonnage is 12,000. Her coal stowage is 900 tons, carried in fore and aft bunkers, extending from the fore end of her double bottom to the after end of the engine-room. The construction of her side behind the thick armour consists of two thicknesses of skin, the outer of 60 lb. and the inner of 30 lb. per square foot, riveted to plate and angle frames 2 ft. deep and 2 ft. apart. On the inside of these frames, plating of 20 lb. per square foot is worked, and the belt and citadel armour bolts are between them. Within these frames, and behind the belt-armour, is a second system of lightened plate-frames, 3 ft. deep and 4 ft. apart, inside of which the outer bulkhead of the coal-bunkers is riveted. The strength of the armoured side is thus exceptionally great. The stem, which is of cast steel, is strengthened in the wake of the projecting portion under water by a horizontal prow consisting of two 5-in. armour-plates. There is an armoured belt 230 ft. long, surmounted by an armoured citadel 141 ft. long at the sides of the ship; these structures are bounded by armoured bulkheads, those of the citadel being curved. The length from end to end of the citadel is 193 ft. At the end of the citadel, and within the limits of the armoured belt, the turrets are placed, the extension of the belt at each end beyond the ends of the citadel forming a protection to the substructure and machinery of the turrets. The whole of the armour on belt, citadel, turrets, and conning-tower is steel-faced. The side armour varies in thickness on the left from 20 in. to 14 in., tapering at the lower edge from 8 in. to 6 in. The boundary bulkheads to the belt are armoured with 16-in. and 14-in. plates, tapering at the lower part to 7 in. The citadel armour varies from 18 in. to 16 in. Above the citadel armour screens are fitted 5 in. thick, protecting the 5-in. guns from raking fire. The turret framing is constructed similarly to the armoured side of the ship, the armour being 18 in. thick. The total thickness of wall is 4 ft. for armoured citadel, belt, and turrets, and 5 ft. for the armoured ends of the belt. The hull is subdivided by water-tight compartments, as follows:—In the double bottom forty, below the protective deck and before the double bottom thirteen, abaft it eighteen, and in the hold in wake of the double bottom forty-nine, including eight divisions in the coal-bunkers, or a total of 120 water-tight compartments below the protective deck. On this deck, before and abaft the armoured citadel, there are fourteen such compartments. These are in wake of the water-line; and, being filled with stores, would give considerable buoyancy to the unarmoured ends of the ship when riddled.

The Trafalgar's armament is to consist of four 13½-in. 67-ton breech-loading guns, eight 5-in. breech-loading guns, or six 36-pounder quick-firing guns; eight 6-pounder and eleven 3-pounder Hotchkiss quick-firing guns; machine, boat, and field guns, and twenty-four Whitehead torpedoes. The turret guns fire a projectile weighing 1250 lb., with a powder charge of 630 lb., and train through an angle of 270 deg. The eight 5-in. guns will be mounted on the upper deck between the turrets, and will be protected on the sides of the ship from rifle fire by two thicknesses of ½-in. plating, and at each end of the battery by an armour bulkhead 5 in. thick, fitted upon 6 in. of backing and an inner skin. These guns will train through 60 deg. on each side of the beam. The eight 6-pounder Hotchkiss guns will be fought from the spar deck; but the 3-pounder guns will be distributed between the spar deck, bridge, stern-ports, and military tops. There are eight torpedo-tubes, four above and four below water. The latter are fixed tubes. Of the above-water tubes, which are on the main deck, one at the bow and one at the stern are fixed; the others, one on each side at fore end of citadel, are trained to fire 70 deg. before and 10 deg. abaft the beam. The whole of the above-water tubes are protected from machine-gun fire by 2-in. plating.

The vessel is fitted with twin screws, each to be driven by an independent set of triple expansion engines, having collectively, under forced draught, a full power of 12,000 horses, which will give a speed of 16½ knots an hour. The steaming distance of the ship under full power is 1050 knots, and at 10-knots speed 5500 knots.

Our illustration of the launch of the Trafalgar is from an instantaneous photograph by Messrs. Symonds and Co., High-street, Portsmouth.

The Royal College of Music held its entrance examination for the Christmas term on Tuesday, when forty-two new pupils were passed and admitted. The Portsmouth Maintenance Scholarship was awarded to Leonard Nowell Fowles (violin), and the Bristol Scholarship to Mabel Margaret Rootham (piano).

The Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes have, by subscriptions throughout their order, presented the National Life-Boat Institution with a new boat, which was launched on Monday at Dungeness Point, Kent. The ceremony of christening was performed by Lady Whittaker Ellis. The boat was named the R.A.O.B.

The following steamers arrived at Liverpool last week with live stock and fresh meat from American and Canadian ports:—The Montreal, with 374 cattle and 240 sheep; the Palestine, with 388 cattle and 800 quarters of beef; the Lake Huron, with 271 cattle and 851 quarters of beef; the Pannonia, with 1493 quarters of beef; the City of Rome, with 1600 quarters of beef; and the Celtic, with 760 quarters of beef: the total arrivals being 1033 cattle, 1091 sheep, and 4653 quarters of beef.

In order to encourage the creation of small freeholders, the Marquis of Bath and Lord Weymouth, M.P., offered a number of lots of building sites, &c., at Frome, last week, the pieces sold ranging from a quarter to half an acre each. There was a keen competition, the prices realised ranging from £205 to £310 per acre; and every lot was sold at prices far above the reserve.—About one hundred acres of land belonging to Mr. Thomas Walls, at Tiptree, Essex, have been let in lots, ranging from two acres up to sixteen acres, to a number of farm labourers at a rental of 30s. per acre.

At the Newmarket First October Meeting, on Tuesday, Sir G. Chetwynd won the All-Aged Trial Stakes with Never; Lord Rodney, the Maiden Plate with Diana; Sir G. Arthur, the Hopeful Stakes with Brother to Rosy Morn; Mr. J. A. Craven, the First Nursery Plate with The Mummer; the Duke of Beaufort, the Great Foal Stakes with Rêve d'Or; General O. Williams, the Selling Plate with Lord Harry; Lord Calthorpe, the Buckenham Stakes and the Boscawen Stakes with Seabreeze; and Mr. Manton, the Twenty-eighth Triennial Stakes with Oberon. On Wednesday Lord Zetland's Caerlaverock won the Third Zetland Stakes; Mr. A. Benholm's Braw Lass the Great Eastern Railway Handicap; Sir G. Chetwynd's Abeard, the Second Nursery Plate; Lord Lurgan's Torchlight, the Welter Handicap; and Mr. Manton's A Life's Mistake, the Granby Plate.



LEA HURST, DERBYSHIRE, THE HOME OF MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S HOME.

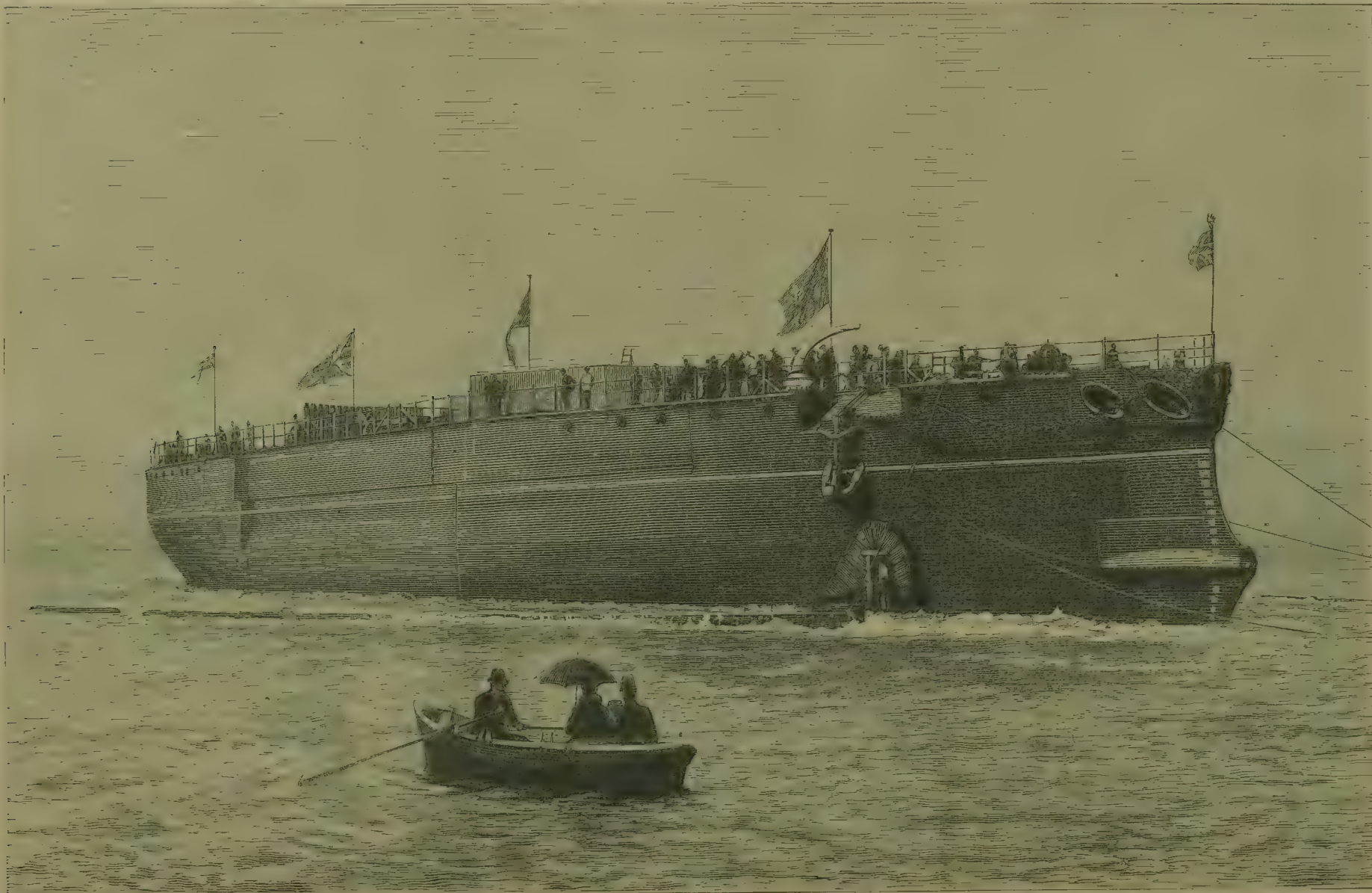
A pleasant incident was mentioned in our paper last week. At the residence of Sir Harry Verney, Claydon House, Buckinghamshire, a deputation from the Working Men's Club of Whatstandwell, Derbyshire, waited on Miss Florence Nightingale, for the purpose of presenting to her an oil painting, by Mr. E. Crosland, of her late home, Lea Hurst, as a token of their esteem, and in recognition of the great interest taken by her in that institution. The deputation, consisting of Mr. F. C. Iveson, Mr. Crosland, the artist, and Mr. W. Peacock, assured Miss Nightingale of the love felt for her by all classes of people at Whatstandwell and in that district, and of their gratitude for her kindness and help in every good work. Miss Nightingale, in thanking them for the present, which she admired very much, expressed her continued great interest in the institution and its members, and assured them of her hopes for its welfare. The deputation were entertained at Claydon House by Sir Harry and Lady Verney. We are permitted to copy the picture of Lea Hurst in our Engraving, using a photograph taken by Mr. J. Schmidt, of Belper.

Miss Florence Nightingale is a lady whose name has been deservedly honoured in England since the Crimean War, and

has become the symbol of a particular type of personal efforts in the service of afflicted humanity. She was born at Florence, in May, 1820, youngest daughter and coheirress of W. E. Nightingale, Esq., of Lea Hurst, Derbyshire, and Embley Park, Hampshire. She devoted her attention to the working of schools for the poor, juvenile reformatories, and hospitals, inspecting many such institutions on the Continent, and residing, in 1851, with the Protestant Sisters of Mercy at Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine. She next bestowed her care, and gifts of her money, on the London Governesses' Sanatorium in Harley-street. During the Crimean War, in 1854, when the inefficient state of our military hospitals in the East demanded instant reform, the hospital at Scutari, opposite Constantinople, was established for the relief of sick and wounded British soldiers and prisoners. It was resolved to form a select band of volunteer lady-superintendents and female nurses for this and other army hospitals. At the request of the Secretary of State for the War Department, Mr. Sidney Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert of Lea, Miss Nightingale undertook the task of organising and directing this service, which she performed in a manner universally admired, and which earned her the personal friendship of the Queen, with many public and private expressions of gratitude

STATUE OF THE LATE MR. HUGH MASON, M.P.,
AT ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.

and esteem. A testimonial fund amounting to £50,000 was subscribed in recognition of her patriotic and benevolent work, and was, at her special desire, applied to create and maintain an institution for the training of nurses. Miss Nightingale's impaired health, for many years past, has debarred her from active public exertions; but she has continued to study the plans and operations of those charitable agencies on which she is a high authority, and has written brief treatises on subjects of much practical importance. Her "Notes on Hospitals," printed in 1859; "Notes on Nursing," in 1860; and "Notes on Lying-in Institutions," and on the training of midwives and midwifery nurses, in 1871, were of considerable utility. She also wrote, in 1863, valuable observations on the sanitary condition of the army in India, and has furnished to the War Office useful reports and suggestions concerning the Army Medical Department. In 1873 and 1874, Miss Nightingale contributed to the *Illustrated London News*, and to the Norwich transactions of the Social Science Association, her studies on the question of Indian irrigation, as affecting the subsistence of the native peasantry. Her elder sister, Lady Verney, with whom she is now residing, has acquired a literary reputation by various writings, which we have frequently noticed with interest and approval.



H.M.S. TRAFALGAR, LAUNCHED AT PORTSMOUTH LAST WEEK.



SANDAKAN, FROM GOVERNMENT HOUSE.



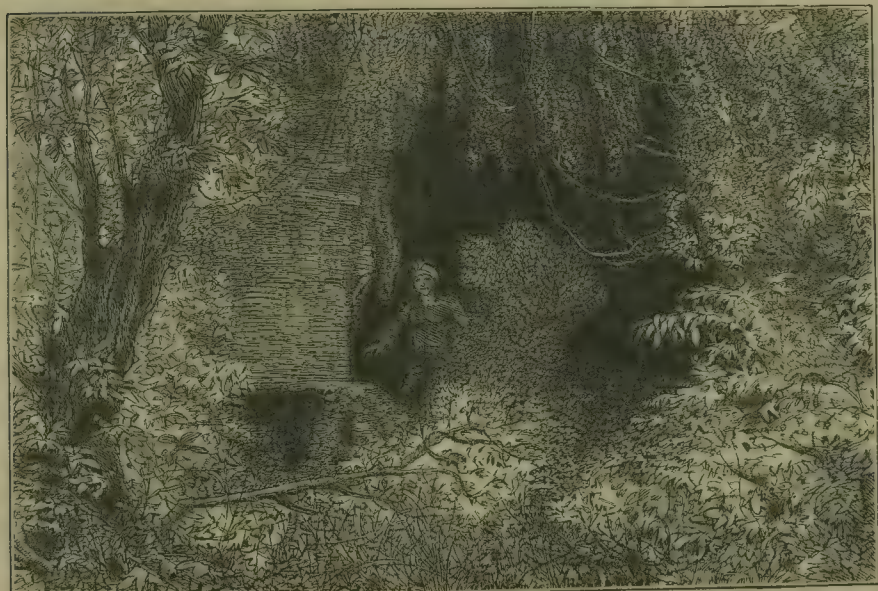
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BRITISH NORTH BORNEO.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE HON. RALPH ABERCROMBY.

BRITISH NORTH BORNEO.

(Communicated by the Hon. Ralph Abercromby.)

The public were startled, about six years ago, by the news that the British Government had granted a charter giving large powers to a Company which had acquired, by treaty and by purchase, sovereign rights in North Borneo. Since then, the newspapers have reported, from time to time, the existence of valuable timber, and of rich tobacco-growing soil, in the territory of the British North Borneo Company; and quite recently the existence of gold-bearing deposits in the valley of the Segama river. Rumours have also reached England of a tension of relations between the new Company and the older-established rule of the English Rajah of Sarawak; and questions have been asked in Parliament as to the position of North Borneo in regard to the decaying British Imperial settlement of Labuan. Our readers will, therefore, be interested by a few notes of a visit to the Company's dominion, showing how British energy and enterprise have transformed a jungle-covered country, whose forests were infested by ruthless head-hunters, and whose coasts were ravaged by remorseless pirates, into a law-abiding territory, where life and property are as safe as in England, and where planting, wood-cutting, and gold-digging have replaced the primitive industries of the jungle tribes.

We have selected our Illustrations from the most interesting scenes and characteristic features of North Borneo, as they appear in photographs taken in that country. The shores of Sandakan Bay were covered only a few years ago by dense jungle; but now the town of that name has sprung up, with a frontage of nearly a mile and a half to the sea. The View of Sandakan shows the southern bay as seen from Government House. In the foreground are the garden trees; beyond them the stakes, rising out of the sea, mark the limits of the timber ponds; and, further off, are the houses of the bazaar, and the pier running out beyond the extreme right of the view. To the extreme left are the roofs of the Government offices, of the Chinese Hotel, and of other large buildings. Beyond these is another bay, larger than this one, where the native quarter and police barracks are situated. The harbour is very good, and the climate so healthy that Sandakan is manifestly destined to be an important town in the future. We present a separate view of Government House, where the evidence of refinement is due to the civilising influence of Mrs. Treacher, the Governor's wife.

DEATH.

On Aug. 27, at Eastfield Lodge, Bitterne, Thomas Keane Fitzgerald, Captain, late Royal Dragoons, eldest son of the late Thomas Fitzgerald, of Shalston, Bucks, and Portland-place, London, aged 54.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

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A contrast to these new buildings is the pile dwelling, which shows the old style of native Borneo house. This is the residence of a chief in Sandakan Bay, who, so far as his habitation is concerned, is in the same stage of civilisation as our own prehistoric ancestors who lived in the "crannogs" of Western Europe.

Another View is that of a tobacco plantation, which has been cleared out of the jungle. The large, curious-looking tree, a little to the left of the centre, is the celebrated "bilian," or iron wood. This is a source of considerable wealth to the company, for the timber has the rare property of resisting the attacks of the destructive teredo that infests the Eastern seas; and it is invaluable for wharves that have to stand in salt water.

Lovers of natural history will be much interested in the photographs of the celebrated edible bird's-nest caves of Gomanton. After a long tramp through dense jungle, the traveller unexpectedly comes on a great hole in the side of a mountain, and then, passing round the bushes, suddenly finds himself in a great vaulted chamber, 450 ft. high, which is depicted in our Illustration. The cave is inhabited by hundreds of thousands of small swifts, and by hundreds of thousands of bats. These live a "Box and Cox" sort of life; the bats swarm out by myriads at dusk, and as soon as they are nearly cleared out, the swifts begin to return to the cave in countless numbers. At daybreak the bats return to their dark crevices, while the swifts come forth to enjoy the sunlight. The edible nests are built by the swifts, and the birds are robbed by the Booloodupies, a jungle tribe who live at certain seasons in the cave, in their houses built on piles. A bird's nest suggests to an Englishman the idea of a mixture of moss, mud, and feathers; but an edible nest is a delicate fabric, built like a small bracket against the sides of the cave, and formed of the glutinous saliva of the swift. A good nest is entirely made up of opaque white threads, rather thicker than very coarse vermicelli, and contains neither dirt nor feathers. They are so highly relished by Chinese epicures that the best quality fetch £3 a pound in Sandakan, and not less than £10 a pound in Hong-Kong. The royalty paid by the jungle tribes for the collection of nests forms an important item in the revenue of the Company.

There is nothing in which the North Borneo Company has been more successful than its native policy; for an Englishman can go all through the territory without molestation. This is greatly due to the firm but conciliatory rule of

Governor Treacher. It is an old proverb "to set a thief to catch a thief"; and a reformed poacher makes the best game-keeper. So the Company have enlisted some of the lawless Dyaks into their service. One Illustration represents a group of Dyaks in their native war-paint. The principal figure in the foreground was a notable head-hunter in former days, but has now been transformed under ordinary circumstances into a policeman dressed in European clothes, who patrols the streets of Sandakan.

So much has been written about the relationship between men and apes, that we were particularly anxious to see the great orang-outang in his native home; and marching through the jungle to the nest-caves, we were fortunate enough to see and to secure two apes. The world of the jungles of Borneo is built in two storeys. The bright and beautiful upper storey is on the tree tops, where splendid orchids court the sunshine, and numerous brilliant birds flit among the branches. Here the great apes live, feeding on mangoes and durian, and swinging themselves by their great arms from tree to tree. The forest is so dense and continuous that they need rarely come down to the earth, but travel for miles overhead among the branches. The ground floor is a damp and gloomy world, where a ray of sunshine hardly penetrates, for a tangle of monotonous green jungle, growing straight up, shuts out the light, and swarming with blood-sucking leeches, is sparsely inhabited by men, and pigs, and deer, by the elephant, the wild ox, and the rhinoceros. We give a portrait of the largest male orang; it shows very well the enormous size of his arms, compared with his legs, and his short, paunchy body. The expression and attitude do not, however, do him justice. He was just killed, and had not become stiff; and his jaw had fallen, like that of a dead man. So we had to put a prop under one shoulder, and tie an arm to a tree, while Mr. Cooke, who had shot him, supported the back of his neck. The mouth had to be tied up, with a stone inside, to make anything of a photograph of him, and Dr. Walker held the other arm. This makes the animal look mis-shapen; but, even at his best, he did not seem to be so human as had been expected. The lightly-clad figure to the left is a portrait of the Sooloo guide.

The Speaker of the House of Commons, on presenting, last Monday, the prizes gained at Leamington in the recent Science and Art Examinations, passed a high eulogium on the schoolmasters and teachers of the present day. No class, he said, had risen more in public estimation.

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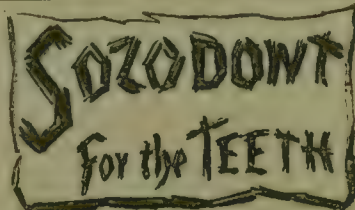
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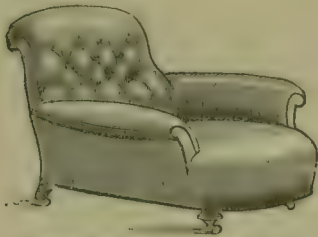
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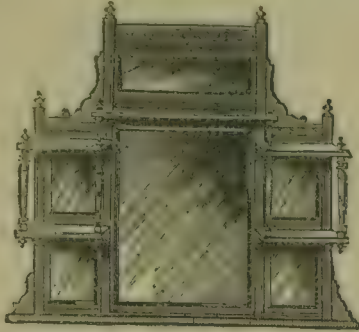
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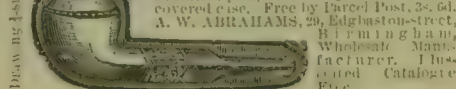
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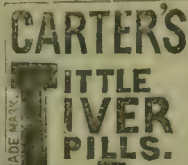
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AUTHOR OF "IN A SILVER SEA," "GRIF," "GREAT PORTER-SQUARE," &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS SAID OF "A HEART OF GOLD."



M. R. LINTON'S speech before the curtain served more than one good purpose with many of the dramatic critics. It diverted the attention of some from the demerits of the comedy drama, and it softened the condemnation which others would have pronounced upon it. Again, it furnished a

theme upon which one and all dilated—this one indulgently, that one severely; but the main point was (and the most important in the judgment of the manager of the Star Theatre) that it drew public attention to the production.

"The great point gained," said that astute individual, "is that we get a lot of advertising for nothing."

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There were leading articles upon the incident, and it provoked correspondence upon certain collateral matters, which the theatrical manager did his best to nourish. "Keep the pot boiling," said he, and he persuaded his friends to write to the papers, not caring much which side they took so long as their letters were inserted. The old cry of first-night cliques was raised; the right of passing judgment within the walls of the theatre on the first night of production was defended, as to which certain methods in vogue were challenged or upheld, some calling them cruel, others maintaining that they were just. Novel theories were discussed. Said one correspondent:

"We are compelled to pay our money at the doors before we know anything of the quality of the dish which is to be set before us. If it is worthless we are naturally indignant, and we say as much; if it is good work, we give unstinted praise. Had we the option of paying afterwards, instead of being compelled to part with our money beforehand, the case would be different."

To this it was replied:

"Nobody forces you to the theatre on first nights; you can keep away if you choose until you hear from the dramatic critics whether the fare is good or bad."

Of course came the indignant rejoinder:

"It is the public who are the critics, not the writers on the press. There is not a man in pit or gallery who is not as good a judge of the merits of a play as the best professional dramatic critic in the country."

An Englishman who had just returned from a visit to America wrote:—

"Three weeks ago I was present in a New York theatre on the first production of a new play. It was the most wretched trash imaginable, and was an unmitigated and deserved failure. In comparison with the play I witnessed then, 'A Heart of Gold,' at the first representation of which I was present, shines forth a most worthy, intellectual, and praiseworthy effort. It is the work of an earnest, capable playwright, who deserves every encouragement, even when he

does not come up to the requirements of the modern playgoer. I will, however, go so far as to place the two plays on a level, pronouncing them, for the purpose of my illustration, as equal in merit—which is not the case, for one is a gem, the other the vilest paste. Both plays were condemned. Note, now, the methods of condemnation. In New York, when the curtain fell, the audience very quietly left the theatre: there was no applause; there were no shrieks and howls; no brutal cries for 'Author,' to serve a cruel end. There was something almost funereal in the manner of the New York audience as they filed slowly out of the house: they seemed to tread more softly than usual, they spoke in lower tones. This was their method of damning the play, and I commend it to the attention of London playgoers as incomparably more decent and respectable than that which they adopt to break an author's heart. There are certain of our national customs which will bear reform; this, undoubtedly, is one. As I pen these lines, I see the two assemblages: one conducting itself with reason and dignity, as becomes rational men and women; the other conducting itself with unreasoning and indefensible cruelty, as becomes a lower order of being."

A morning paper of high repute summed up the matter thus:—

"In our columns to-day will be found a letter from a gentleman who contrasts with some force the different methods of 'damning' a play in England and America. He commends the American system, and condemns the English, ignoring, as it appears to us, the more important issues which hang upon the methods he describes. If the matter which he argues commenced and ended with the behaviour of an audience on the first night of a new production, his views would be convincing; but it only commences and does not end there. We have ourselves, on several occasions during late years, commented with some severity upon the unnecessarily noisy conduct of first-night audiences in London when an indifferent or a bad play has been submitted to their judgment, but we have never gone so far as to absolutely condemn the method

which has excited the indignation of our correspondent. It is merely a question of degree, and the good sense of the public will, sooner or later, set the matter right. To this end the proceedings at the Star Theatre, on the first representation of 'A Heart of Gold,' will healthfully contribute. But that is not the question. What we have to consider is absolutely apart from the purely personal aspect of the matter, and we have no hesitation in declaring that the English method, exercised with reasonable moderation, is much more powerful in its beneficial effects upon dramatic literature than the 'silent system' depicted by our correspondent as being the vogue in New York. If a lesson is to be enforced, it is as well that some emphasis should be used in the manner of its administration; its effect is intended not only for the present but for the future, and our correspondent is totally mistaken in supposing that there is anything really and solely personal in the attitude of our first-night audiences when they are displeased—and generally justly displeased—with the fare provided for them. It means, 'Be more careful in your future work; let your proportions be more nicely managed; do not fall into the ultra-sentimental, or the ultra-farical, or the ultra-melodramatic.' The condemnation pronounced is not the condemnation of an author's life and career; it is condemnation of a single effort. Let this same author, the following night at another theatre, produce a play which justly pleases, and he will be acclaimed from the topmost row of the gallery to the foremost row of the stalls. This fact is a proof that the argument of personalism ridiculously introduced is unworthy of consideration, and likely to be detrimental to the best interests of the drama. As well might one say that a wholesome correction administered to a child is cruel and brutal.

"It may not be unprofitable to cursorily examine the effect of the opposite systems current in America and England with respect to first nights. We do not for one moment intend to advance that these verdicts are the direct cause of the comparative merits of production; but certainly they contribute to the result. For generations it has been the fashion here to sigh for the dramatist who is to lift our drama to a higher level than it occupies at present. This yearning is to a great extent sentimental, for much has been done by living English dramatists which is by no means discreditable to intellectual effort; and the thirst for great plays—plays which shall take their place as classics—seems in the near future not unlikely to be satisfied. We mention no names, for that would be invidious; and we are aware that in a few of our best theatres no high level is aimed at—that is to say, that the eye more than the mind is catered for. There are, however, four or five West-End theatres which, while entirely satisfying the demand for pictorial effect, at the same time satisfy the intellect. At these theatres, original plays of a high order are from time to time produced, and in their revival of old plays an intelligence is displayed worthy of the sincerest commendation. We have writers of comedy, also, who are aiming high, who fail now and then, but who buckle on their armour again and work with a will. This is the right spirit, and we claim that our English first-night system has stirred it to a higher emulation. On the other hand, what has America done? Is there upon the English stage to-day one lofty example of American original dramatic effort? We supply the American theatres; they do not reciprocate by supplying us. What is the customary answer to this? 'Oh! but we are a young country.' It is a fallacious excuse. America, as a nation, is more than a hundred years old; it has gathered into its folds a fair proportion of our best intellect; it has a stirring, new, and picturesque history; its public and social life teems with novel and amusing characteristics; its story abounds in heroic episodes; Nature smiles upon it bounteously and beautifully; and humanity, as varied and many-sided in its aspects as could ever be hoped to be seen cheek-by-jowl in one country, there plays its part through the hours and the days and the years. What more is needed? Young! America is ripe now, if ever it will be; but where is its lofty dramatic record? 'Where is yours?' the nation may retort; and we answer: Such as it is, look for it in your American theatres. You ask for our stamp, when you should make and rely upon one of your own. We should not be the losers if you satisfied our demand; nor would you; we should both be nerved to the highest instead of to the mediocre. It is not unworthy of consideration whether the silent attitude of your first-night audiences, instead of the indignant, as with us, be not prejudicial to the production of a dramatic literature worthy of your greatness.

"One word more. If London playgoers, who are in the habit of going to 'first nights' with unfair and ungenerous intentions, in the hope of or the desire for a failure, regard what we have said as a defence or a justification of their occasionally inconsiderate and violent conduct, they are grievously mistaken. There must be moderation in all things, and there must be moderation in the expression of their opinions. They have a license, but the privilege accorded to them must not be abused. They have no right to demand that the author of an unsuccessful play should appear before them to be hooted and howled at, and it is to be hoped for the future that this insistence may not be carried to an extreme, as of late years has frequently been the case."

The result of all this was that instead of empty benches, as the manager of the Star Theatre had feared before Mr. Linton's speech, the public flocked to see "A Heart of Gold," in order that they might judge for themselves. Everybody in the theatre was in a high state of exultation at this unexpected turning of the tables. Kiss, who was in great trepidation at the prospect of not being able to meet the bill which Jeremiah Pamflett held, became gradually reassured, and was not chary in the expression of his hopes to Mr. Lethbridge. "It is the most wonderful thing in my professional experience," he said.

This recountal of the progress of Mr. Linton's comedy-drama has somewhat transgressed the sequence of events, the private details of which now claim our attention.

When Mr. and Mrs. Lethbridge returned home after their visit to Mrs. Linton they found the young people up, Fred Cornwall, as a matter of course and because of what had taken place between him and Phoebe, being happily ensconced by Phoebe's side, as was his undoubted right under the circumstances. Very few moments elapsed before Mr. and Mrs. Lethbridge were made acquainted with the engagement. Phoebe's happiness was reflected in her face, and her aunt and uncle fondly embraced her and wished the young people every joy.

"I should not have dared to stop so late but for this," said Fred Cornwall to Mrs. Lethbridge.

"It is very late," said Mrs. Lethbridge, glancing at the clock; "five minutes to three; and the girls must go to bed. Dear, dear! what a night this has been! Now, Fanny, Phoebe, you must not stop up a minute longer. Mr. Cornwall, I am glad, for Phoebe's sake, that you are not a dramatic author."

"Why, mamma?" exclaimed Fanny, the stanch and faithful champion. "The successful ones make heaps of money, and Fred would have been sure to be successful. And, mamma! it isn't 'Mr. Cornwall' now; it is Fred with all of

us. You mustn't forget he is one of the family—aren't you, Fred?"

"I hope to be," said Fred gaily, "and very soon."

"And you must call mamma Aunt Leth, as everybody does who has the least affection for her," said Fanny.

"May I?" asked Fred.

"Indeed you may," said Mrs. Lethbridge. She clasped the young man's hand, and looked at him solicitously: "I must speak to you before you go."

He took the hint and went out into the passage to wish his dear girl good-night. It is wonderful what a long time this simplest form of farewell occupied, but then it was like a new language to the lovers. Indeed, everything to their senses was at that moment new and beautiful, and every word they spoke to each other was charged with strange tenderness. Fanny, as was to be expected of her, retired first to her bedroom, leaving the lovers together; but her high spirits would not allow her to be utterly extinguished. When at length Phoebe came slowly into the room, "with many a lingering look behind," Fanny popped out into the passage, shutting her cousin in—

"Fred!" said Fanny, in a stage whisper, leaning over the balustrade.

"Yes," he said, looking up.

"Like Romeo and Juliet, isn't it? Parting is such sweet sorrow, she could say good-night until to-morrow. But she isn't coming out again, so you had best go at once to mamma. Good-night, Fred."

"Good-night, Fanny."

Then he went into the dining-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Lethbridge were waiting for him. It rather discomposed him to observe that they received him with grave looks instead of smiles.

"You are not sorry," he said, "for what has occurred?"

"No," replied Mrs. Lethbridge, "we are not sorry. But for one consideration there would not be a cloud upon our hearts to-night."

"What consideration?" asked Fred.

"Phoebe's father. You have not spoken to him?"

"No, I have not. To speak the truth, it was my intention to ask your advice whether, before I spoke to Phoebe, I should go to see Mr. Farebrother at Parkside."

"That would have been the best course, perhaps," said Mrs. Lethbridge.

"You would have advised me to do so?"

"Yes."

"It is, however, too late to talk of that now. I had no intention of proposing to Phoebe to-night, and I have no idea how it all came about. But there it is, and I would not unsay what I have said, or undo what I have done, for all the wealth in the world."

"We would not wish you to do so," said Mrs. Lethbridge, and her gentle voice and wistful eyes were sufficient proof that she was in entire sympathy with him. "It is not to-night that we have discovered that you and our dear Phoebe love each other. We have known it a long time, and our prayer is that we have not acted unwisely in innocently encouraging it. Should there be no obstacle to your union a happy life is before you both."

"What obstacle can there be?"

"Phoebe's father may refuse his consent."

"I cannot see upon what grounds," said Fred. "I am not rich, it is true; but I am a gentleman, and I shall not ask him for any money. I am content—more than content—to take Phoebe as she is, without a penny, and to work with all my heart and soul for her happiness and comfort. And she will be happy with me, Aunt Leth."

"There is no reason to doubt it," said Mrs. Lethbridge. "But it is as well to be prepared when you go to see Mr. Farebrother."

"To be prepared for what?—for his refusal? Well, in that case, I shall have reason to rejoice that I spoke to Phoebe first and learnt from her dear lips that her heart is mine. With her father's refusal staring me in the face I might have hesitated—but I should have spoken all the same. It isn't likely that I should have stood tamely aside and seen the happiness of our lives destroyed. But what is done, is done, Aunt Leth, and nothing can undo it. Phoebe is mine, and I am hers: nothing in the world shall part us."

"Let us hope for the best," said Mrs. Lethbridge. "We thought it our duty to give you a word of warning. Phoebe's father is a strange man, and you must be careful in dealing with him."

"I will be. Phoebe remains here four or five days, she tells me."

"Yes; her father consented that she should stop with us till Tuesday or Wednesday next."

Fred rubbed his hands joyously. "Let it be Wednesday, Aunt Leth."

"I shall be only too happy, Fred. When will you go to Parkside?"

"Not before Wednesday next. I want time, you see, to think of what I shall say to Mr. Farebrother. There is no immediate hurry, because everything is as good as settled. Good-night, dear Aunt Leth. I am the happiest man in the world!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

"Mother," said Jeremiah Pamflett, the next day, when he reached Parkside, "I am going to make a move; I am getting tired of playing a waiting game."

"Something has occurred, then, Jeremiah?" asked Mrs. Pamflett, her keen eyes on her son's face.

"Well, I went to the theatre last night, and sat in the pit, while Phoebe—my Phoebe, mother—and her precious set were in a private box, dressed up to the nines, with flowers and all sorts of things."

"The Lethbridges, Jeremiah?"

"Yes; the Lethbridges, and that lawyer chap."

"I told you there was danger in that quarter, Jeremiah."

"And I told you to mind your own business. Do you think this Phoebe affair is the only one I've got to look after? There are other schemes, mother, with heaps of money hanging to them, which will land me in a carriage as sure as guns. I'm going to take in the sharps; I'm going to prove that I'm the sharpest fellow they ever had to deal with; I'll have thousands out of them. They think they know a lot, but they don't know everything. Why, with my head for figures and calculations, I ought to be as rich as the Rothschilds! I'll tell you all about it by-and-by."

"You are always keeping things from me, Jeremiah," said Mrs. Pamflett, in an injured tone. "Why not tell me now?"

"Because I don't choose. Still tongue, wise head."

"I might keep things from you, Jeremiah," said Mrs. Pamflett, and there was now a sly note in her voice which caused Jeremiah to bristle up.

"Oh, you would, would you! You've got something to tell, and you won't tell it! All right. I've done with you." He turned to go, but she seized his arm and detained him.

"No, no, Jeremiah! I've no one in the world but you I'll tell you everything, everything!"

"Well, out with it; and never speak to me again like that, or it will be the worse for you. Mind what I say!"

"I will, Jeremiah; I will. Shut the door, and look first that there's no one outside."

"Who should be outside?" he asked, when he returned to his mother's side.

"Speak low, Jeremiah. Miser Farebrother is as cunning as a fox. For all his lameness he can creep about the house as soft as a cat. I was awake last night with a bad toothache, and I heard his bed-room door creak, and then I heard him go softly, softly, down stairs. 'What is he up to?' I thought, and I slipped out of bed and into the passage. There was no fear of his hearing my door creak, I keep the hinges well oiled; and it was dark and he couldn't see me. Would you believe it, Jeremiah? It was past two o'clock in the morning, and he went out of the house. I was afraid to go after him, because if he had turned suddenly back, and shut the street door upon me I shouldn't have been able to get in without his finding me out. So I waited and waited, wondering what he was about. I suppose it must have been twenty minutes at least before he came back; but he did come at last, and oh, Jeremiah, you never in all your life saw anybody as sly as he was! He looked round and round, and this way and that, to make sure he was alone, and then he crawled up-stairs. How he managed it I don't know, he was in such pain; but not a groan, not a sound escaped him. And he was carrying a large cash-box, too, that I had never seen before. It was covered with mud, and of course I jumped at the truth: it had been buried somewhere in the grounds, and he had gone out in the middle of the night to dig it up. You may guess what a state of excitement I was in, and I said to myself, 'For Jeremiah's sake I'll see the end of it.' It took him almost another twenty minutes to get to his room; he had to sit on the stairs a dozen times to rest, and I couldn't help thinking what a wonderful, sly, secretive man he was, that he should be doing what he was doing, and what perhaps he's done over and over again, without my ever being able to find it out."

"You may well say that," grumbled Jeremiah. "A nice article you are to look after my interests! Catch me being in the house all the years you've been, and being taken in like that! I wouldn't have believed it of you if anybody else was telling me."

"I wouldn't have believed it of myself, Jeremiah; but better late than never, my boy."

"Better soon than late—that's the proper way of it. But go on, can't you? He got back to his room, and there was you outside the door, peeping through the keyhole?"

"Yes, Jeremiah, and Miser Farebrother none the wiser. He wiped the mud off the cashbox and opened it. Jeremiah, it was stuffed full of gold and bank-notes. He counted it and counted it over and over again, and he wrote down some figures on a piece of paper. Then he put the money back and locked the box, and hid it under his mattress. After that he tore up the paper he'd been writing on, and blew out the candle and went to bed. I heard him groaning there for an hour afterwards."

"Is that the end of it?" asked Jeremiah, in a wrathful voice and with wrathful looks. "Do you mean to tell me that is the end of it?"

"No, it isn't; there's something more. Never you call me a fool again. I went into his room as usual this morning, and you may depend I looked about for the box; but I couldn't catch sight of it. Oh, he's a cunning one, he is! But I did catch sight of something. I had my hand-broom and shovel, and I swept up the floor, and the fireplace, and brought away the pieces of paper he had torn up. I asked him if he'd had a good night, and he said he fell asleep the moment he put his head on the pillow, and that he must have slept seven or eight hours right off. I told him he looked as if he'd had a splendid rest—which he didn't, Jeremiah. He was the picture of misery. When I got away from him I sorted out the pieces of paper, and stuck them together. Here it is. He must be richer than we think, Jeremiah. Look? Ten one hundred pounds—bank-notes, Jeremiah! I saw him count 'em—that's a thousand. Twenty fifties—that's another thousand. Fifty twenties—that's another thousand. And another thousand in sovereigns. He laid 'em in piles upon the table. They did look grand! Piles of gold, Jeremiah! Four thousand pounds altogether. You didn't know anything about it, did you?"

"No; I didn't," replied Jeremiah, his eyes glittering greedily. "He must have had the money by him a long time, I expect. Did you look about the grounds for his hiding-place?"

"Yes; but I didn't find it. I couldn't see the slightest signs of one."

"I'll find it, mother."

"You mustn't do anything rash, Jeremiah; you mustn't get yourself into trouble."

"Not likely, mother. Trust me for looking after myself. All his money is mine, and I mean to have it. By fair means, mother—by fair means; and he sha'n't cheat me out of a penny. Once I get hold of Phoebe!—Well; all right. I shall know how to work it. I'll go now and have a talk with him."

(To be continued.)

The Revising Barrister for the City of London has decided that the tenancy of a stall in Billingsgate Market does, under the Representation of the People Act, 1884, confer the Parliamentary franchise upon the tenant.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain Jacob Jacobsen, of the Norwegian barque Agerven, of Lillesand, in recognition of his kindness and humanity to the shipwrecked crew of the British steam-ship Rothbury, of Grimsby, whom he rescued at sea on the 2nd inst. They have also awarded a gold shipwreck medal to T. Tonnesen, mate of the Agerven, and silver shipwreck medals to the four seamen, K. Tobiasen, F. Gundersen, K. Hansen, and C. Tobiasen, who accompanied the mate in the boat which effected, at great risk, the rescue of part of the Rothbury's crew.

The new Act of Parliament obtained by the Reading Town Council comes into operation at once. Under it the borough is greatly extended and will take in an additional population of some 9000, making the population of the town nearly 60,000. The council is to be enlarged to forty members, and there will be ten wards. Educational matters will be vested in the Reading School Board, but for the present the Poor-Law administration will remain unaltered, the Wokingham and Bradfield guardians still administering two of the added districts. A proposal to purchase the cemetery undertaking was struck out of the Bill by the Parliamentary Committee. The Parliamentary boundary will, of course, remain the same, though under the Redistribution Act the Parliamentary area embraces a considerable portion of the districts now incorporated into Reading.—Petitions for charters of incorporation have been presented to the Queen in Council by the inhabitants of Loughborough, Leicestershire, and Stroud, Gloucestershire, by the Prior and Brethren of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and the trustees of the Buchanan Bequest, Ayrshire.

The following are the circuits chosen by the Judges of the Queen's Bench Division for holding the ensuing autumn assizes—viz., North-Eastern Circuit, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge; Western Circuit, Mr. Justice Denman; South-Eastern Circuit, Mr. Justice Field; Midland Circuit, Baron Huddleston; Oxford Circuit, Mr. Justice Hawkins; North and South Wales Circuits, Mr. Justice Cave; Northern Circuit, Mr. Justice Day and Mr. Justice Grantham. Prisoners only will be tried at these assizes, except at Manchester and Liverpool, on the Northern Circuit, at which two places both civil and criminal business will be taken. The assizes will begin about Oct. 24.



DEER-STALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS: RUNNING FOR A SECOND SHOT.

NOVELS.

Precautions. By Lady Margaret Majendie. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—It is a relief and comfort to the reader of many novels, after such vexing and degrading portraiture of insanity, profligacy, or criminality as some recently noticed, to peruse a story in which the moral beauty of the leading characters, and the purifying effects of severe trials on other persons connected with them, are delineated with consistency and truth to nature. Here is the interest of conflicting emotions, of painfully false positions, of grievous and prolonged misapprehensions, even of unhappiness in marriage and temporary separation, without the shadow of guilt or the slightest levity or impropriety; all to be terminated, at length, by an atoning and ennobling reconciliation. The person whose conduct is most censurable, in this instance, is the mother-in-law of the meek and modest little heroine, and one of her sisters-in-law is not free from blame. Sir Eustace Bellingham, soon after coming of age, finds his estate hopelessly embarrassed, himself and his family threatened with poverty, by speculations in foreign gold-mines. His mother, a worldly, cold-hearted, ambitious woman, contrives the breaking-off of his engagement to Marion Austen, who has no fortune, and gets him married to Kitty Brown-Clifford, a quiet, simple, humble-minded girl, with £15,000 a year, brought up by her own mother, an eccentric old lady, with extreme "precautions," lest she should be ensnared by unworthy suitors. The young baronet is not of a mercenary disposition; but he is led to believe that Marion, whom he continues to love, has chosen to throw him over since his change of prospects, and to accept her elderly cousin, Lord Austen, for the sake of wealth and rank. Only his sister, Alice Bellingham, a warm friend of Marion, rejects this view of the case, persists in desiring Eustace to win the object of his first attachment, and comes almost to hate poor little Kitty when she marries, in perfect innocence, the impoverished youth, who has not much heart left to give her. Among the secondary characters are his elder married sister Gerty, Mrs. Tom Austen; another sister, Georgie, who becomes the wife of a very good fellow, Joseph Mulroy, with much money but little cleverness or culture; and Lord Austen, a man of rare generosity, willing to forego his hopes of Marion's hand so long as there is a chance of her union with the younger man whom she loves. Each of these persons, and all the others both in England and in Italy, are represented with distinct individuality and lifelike behaviour. Their conversations, amidst scenes and incidents of probable occurrence, have invariably a practical bearing on the main interest of the story. The real struggle of affection, for the good little woman in whose cause our strongest sympathies are enlisted, begins after her marriage to Eustace Bellingham, when she is not only crushed by the presence of his mother and his unmarried sister, feeling the coldness of the one and the aversion of the other, but becomes sensible of the indifference of her husband, and imagines that he can never be made happy without Marion Austen. In her excess of humility, and in an exaggerated spirit of self-sacrifice, she wishes to die that he may be released, and to leave him in the enjoyment of the wealth she has brought him. At length, she flies from home, suffers in an illness caused by mental anxiety, and seeks refuge at Santa Chiara, a small town in Tuscany, where she has made friends in a former visit. There she confides her sorrow to a kind Italian lady, whose son, the Prior of a convent, and religious guardian of the people, finds her useful employment in works of charity. Sir Eustace in vain makes all possible endeavours

to discover what has become of her; for he is by this time fully aware of her value, and is deeply afflicted by remorse for his past neglect of her affection. He and Mr. Mulroy, being fond of music, have in their travels met with a violinist, named Ursel, of marvellous talent and enthusiasm for his art, whose home is at Santa Chiara. This man recognises the young English lady sojourning in that sequestered place; but some distressing experiences still await her there before she is restored to her husband. The cholera breaks out with terrible virulence, and she devotes herself to attending the hospitals and the houses of the poor, under the guidance of the Prior and of an heroic medical officer, Dr. Menello. The fate of Ursel is a sad tragedy: just when he has gained an opening to brilliant renown as a musician, the tendons of his wrist are cut by a knife which he is wresting from the hand of a furious man in a street quarrel; he can play the violin no more; he runs mad, and dies in the cholera hospital. In the midst of these horrors, while Kitty Bellingham is acting the part of an angel of mercy, her husband comes and finds her so employed; for his mother happens to be at Florence, and there also are Lord and Lady Austen, to whom her position at Santa Chiara is made known. The interview between Eustace and Marion at Florence, when she tells him of his wife's goodness, and gently pleads with him, whom she herself loved, and by whom she was herself beloved, the true claim of his loving wife, is described with exquisite tenderness and purity of feeling. One is thankful for such pictures of noble womanhood, amongst the various unworthy and sometimes revolting conceptions of female character in some novels of the present day.

A Leader of Society. By Mrs. Alexander Fraser. Three vols. (F. V. White and Co.).—Some ladies, who probably are not "of Society," have strange ideas of what "Society" is, and of what is likely to be the character of one of its "Leaders," which this lady's novel will scarcely set right. In style and tone it much resembles that romance of fashionable sentimentality and voluptuous folly which Kate Nickleby was obliged to read aloud for the entertainment of Mrs. Wittiterly; worse writing cannot be found. The portrait of Reine Ferrers, who looks, we are often told, like a Duchess, a Princess, an Empress, or a Goddess, and who, in fact, becomes the Countess of Cheviotdale, is many times repeated, with slight variations of descriptive epithets. Her face is of marble, milky, or snowy whiteness, except when she is playing "trente-et-quarante" at a foreign gambling-house, when it becomes crimson; her hair is chestnut, except when it is gold; and her eyes are "a deep velvety purple." Captain Gordon-Alleyne and Mr. Philip Gresham, having seen this preternatural complexion at the Figueras gambling-place, would recognise such a portentous female when they met her again. Gordon-Alleyne, for his part, considered her then "a horrible sight." So, in their first interview at Figueras, when this questionable personage ran after the two strange gentlemen to overhear what they might be saying of her, the Captain at once set her down as "some French adventuress, probably a tout of the Casino." She was, in fact, rather worse than that, being "soiled and stained," and desperately hardened, in a wild life abroad, the incidents of which she had afterwards to conceal by desperate falsehoods. For she incontinently became enamoured of this stern officer of Hussars, reputed to be "a Bayard," which is "enough to make all the women long to turn him into a Don Juan"; though, but two hours before, she lay in the arms of Prince Heinrich Von Schönstein. The German Prince, in their dalliance in the moonlit garden of the Casino, plainly gave her warning that he would murder her, rather than let her

belong to any other man. At ten o'clock the same evening, in her haste to overtake the two Englishmen, she fell down the steps and hurt her ankle, which Gordon-Alleyne bound up, while she kissed his hand; she also received a wound on the forehead, leaving a scar by which she was "branded for life," but she covered it up with her hair. The antecedents, in short, of this destined "leader of Society" are of such a character that she is well aware that "no honest man could think of marrying her," if the facts were known, though she is niece to an Earl, being the neglected daughter of the late disreputable Hon. Jack Ferrers. Do any of our readers care to know the rest of her story, which is, like her face, as the writer says, "simply adorable, Circæan in its loveliness, intoxicating as wine, dangerous as poison, and to be avoided like a mad dog"? They may learn from it, at least, the quality of a kind of fiction too abundantly furnished by women for women to read. A few months after the adventure at Figueras, the heroine of the Casino is staying with her cousin, Mrs. Leo De Burgh, at Higheroft, in Sussex; meeting a young Duke, an old Earl, her "Uncle Southwater," and other fine company, which is joined by Prince Heinrich, Captain Gordon-Alleyne, and Mr. Gresham. Here is a perilous situation. The Prince of course recognises her; and, though he is engaged to marry Gresham's sister, with an immense fortune, he makes fresh proposals to Reine, which she refuses, and he then resolves to kill her. The two Englishmen, finding her appearance wonderfully like that of the Casino female gambler and improper person, ask each other, in some perplexity, and somewhat ungrammatically, "Is it her?" They venture to ask Reine herself, who resorts to direct lying, and denies that she has ever been at Figueras in her life. She asserts that she has a mysterious "double," who goes about the world in her likeness, and Gordon-Alleyne believes her. He is caught in her trap of female coquetry, when she tries the old trick of spraining her ankle again, and when she flatters his philosophical tastes by talking of "Renan and Strauss and old Newman." Though she could, if she chose, marry either Mr. Gresham or the Duke of Shortlands, her ambition is to supplant an innocent girl, named Doris Grey, in the affections of Gordon-Alleyne. This attempt, for a time successful, is attended with some danger; the fierce German Prince lurks in a wood, to shoot her; but his bullet kills another lady, the Miss Gresham with whom he was to have got a fortune of £300,000. It is supposed that the shot was fired by a poacher, and Prince Heinrich continues to be an ornament to society. Gordon-Alleyne, discovering the brand on Reine's forehead, and the proof of her infamy, marries poor Doris, but is again tempted to infidelity, and dies of remorse. The conquering heroine, after a year or two, inherits the great wealth of her uncle the Earl, weds Lord Cheviotdale, consorts with the highest English aristocracy, and is the most envied leader of fashion, till some inquiries lead to her being denied, at the Lord Chamberlain's office, that reputed certificate of respectability, a presentation at Court. Having procured the most superb of Court dresses for that occasion, Reine flies into a rage, declares to her husband that she has never done anything to merit the insult, and puts an end to it all by suicide with chloral. It is the career of a practised female seducer. The "Moll Flanders" of Defoe, or the coarsest examples of female depravity in the works of Fielding and Smollett, were characters less odious to contemplate than one whose essential impurity is disguised with nauseous affectation, and profusely decked out in the tawdry finery of superlative epithets and in phrases of romantic fervour, idealising the vicious motive. It is a sickening specimen of a vile class of novels.

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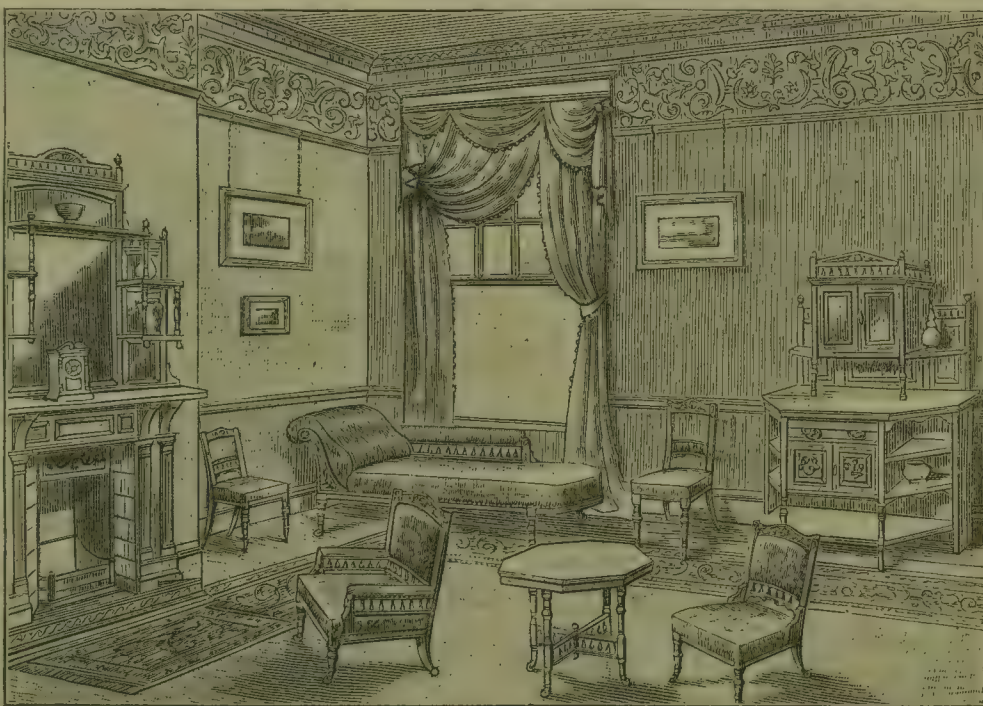
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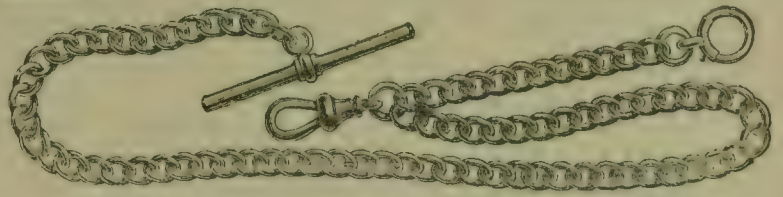
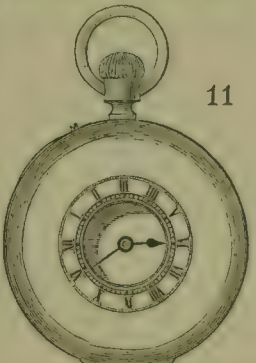
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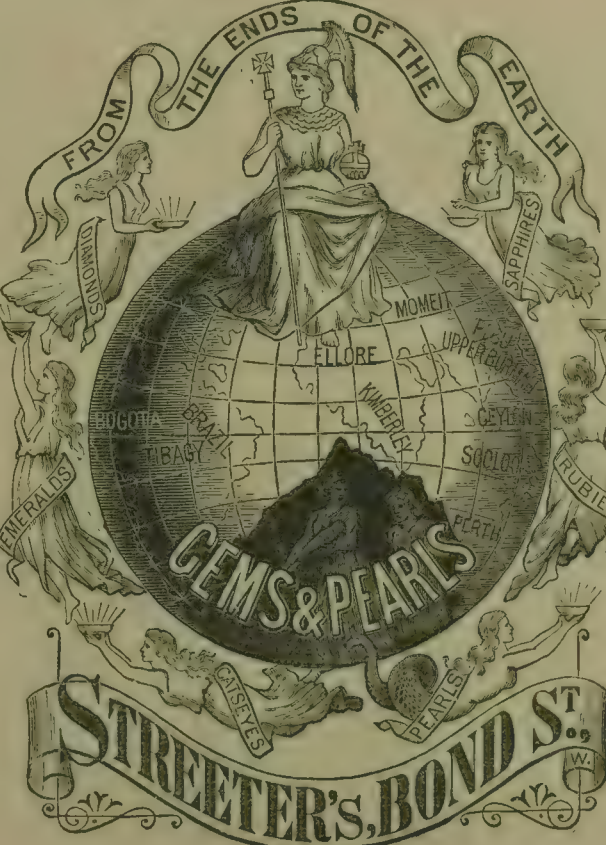
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THE BRITISH MISSION TO MOROCCO.

BY WALTER B. HARRIS.—ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

PART III.

THE CITY OF MOROCCO.

During our residence of some three weeks at the capital, we had ample opportunity of exploring all the ins and outs of the great city of Morocco. In size, Morocco is estimated as equal to Paris, though, of course, its population is vastly less; nor is one able to arrive at any idea as to how great it is owing to the absence of any system of registration.

In position, Morocco is the finest city in the country. It lies in the midst of a plain to the north of the Atlas mountains, which rise sheer from the fields at their base to a height of some 13,000 or more feet. To the north of the city, some fifteen miles distant, runs a parallel range of mountains, none of which reach an altitude of much over 4500 ft. This plain is drained by the Wad Tensift and its tributaries, on the junction of one of which with the main stream the city is situated, in the centre of a palm grove of enormous extent, which adds greatly to the whole picturesque effect, and which, together with the numerous inclosed plantations in the city, has gained for it the title of "The City of Gardens."

Morocco, like nearly all Oriental towns, is walled by high stone walls, and defended by towers erected at intervals along them. Outside the city one enters directly upon the country, there being no suburbs, unless the village of lepers can be called one—and a gruesome suburb it is!

Within the walls the houses are low and the streets narrow; on every side one sees desolation and ruin, very different from the flourishing northern capital of Fez; nor, as in Fez, does one see, except few and far between, little pieces of exquisite wood or arabesque work in plaster. The south-westerly part of the town, as in London, is the fashionable quarter, and there are the palaces and gardens of the Sultan, his Ministers, and of most of the rich Moors; while to the north and east lies the commercial quarter—a dense maze of narrow, dirty streets and booths. Not far from our palace was a small *sok*, or market-place, on to which Kaid Maclean's house looked, and here we often went in the hope of picking up curiosities; but, except for a few curious pieces of pottery, we got nothing there. Far finer was the Sôk-el-Khemis, or Friday market, held outside the Bab Dukala. Here one could see every variety of native, selling every variety of native manufacture. In one corner would be sitting a group of fierce-looking mountaineers, selling silver daggers and long, inlaid guns; in another a group of women with a gorgeous-tinted carpet, worked in some country village and brought in for sale. Here straw baskets lay piled one on the top of the other in great heaps, and there gorgeous-coloured kufians were causing a little crowd of admirers. Under the shade of a tent the barber was bleeding a Moor, while, next to him, another Moor was having his head shaved. In the centre of a circle a performing ape was going through its varied tricks, while the harsh-sounding pipes bespoke the presence of a snake-charmer. Everywhere something new and something noisy; for the Moors are shouting and gesticulating, fighting and laughing, just as if the success of the whole market depended upon the noise they made, added to which there was the constant jingle of the water-carrier's bell and his shrill cry of "Al ma"—"Water." Near this market, and on the same day, was carried on the horse and animal sale, where long-robed Moors were galloping the sturdy little barb horses up and down the long open space to show their paces, and where the wild Berber from the mountains, noticeable anywhere from his scarcity of raiment, was trying to sell a couple of small Moorish donkeys. Camels, mules, horses, donkeys, goats, sheep, oxen—all kinds and varieties of animals—could be bought there. Nor were the streets less interesting than the markets, though one did not see such variety all at once, as usually all the shops in one street sell only one kind of merchandise, so that if one wants to buy shoes one goes to the street of shoes to get them, and there one has endless varieties to choose from. Many shops, however, have arrived at the civilised state of selling more than one article, and in them one can see exposed to view many English and French manufactures. In fact, the sight that most surprises one on arriving in these Eastern cities is the immense quantity of imports exposed for sale. Linen, coloured handkerchiefs, matches, scented soaps, perfumes, looking-glass, candles, and beads are perhaps the most common, while the whole of the tea of the country—and the Moors drink scarcely anything else—is imported from Europe.

The trade with Morocco is increasing in spite of the great difficulties that are put in its way, the principal of which is that there is a 10 per cent ad valorem duty on both imports and exports. Yet, notwithstanding this, Europe is pouring her manufactures into the country, and still further progress in this direction is to be looked for from the North-West African Company, who have established a dépôt at Cape Jubj, from which they intend to supply the whole country with Manchester goods. This is an important step in the right direction, as where our goods penetrate will also penetrate our influence and civilisation, and as civilisation becomes ingrafted, the demand for our wares will increase, and so increase the supply and help to open out the country.

The scene in the streets is always a bright and gay one, and always a noisy one. I never knew such a shouting people as the Moors—it is their normal condition to be yelling at each other or oneself. We used to enjoy in the cool of the evening riding through the crowded thoroughfares, under the covered bazaars, amongst the jostling crowd of men, women and children, mules, horses and camels—though at times these proved inconvenient. There are whole streets of eating-shops, where a grave, turbaned Moor sits and frizzles small scraps of liver and such-like over a dull charcoal fire; nor is the smell of these savoury "kabobs" refreshing on a warm afternoon. Another street, which we as often visited as we avoided the latter, was where the workers of leather had their abode; and here we used to stop and watch the skilful way in which the gorgeous-coloured silks and gold threads were embroidered on bags, saddles, and horse-trappings. The workers of bernouses and jelabas, too, were always interesting to watch, especially when sewing on the brilliantly-hued braid, which was done by a small boy at a distance holding on each of his fingers a long thread of the different coloured silks, which, by moving his hands, he changed in such a way that by crossing and recrossing his needle the workmen could make first one colour and then the other appear. The jewellers were not such favourites with us, as, being Jews, they lived in their quarter—the "Mellah"—which is unrivalled, I think, by anything I have ever seen for dirt. They are, however, skilful workers in silver and gold and brass. So much has been written and said about the persecution of the Jews by the Moors that a word or two on the subject may not be out of place. No doubt the Jews have been, and are still, to a small extent, persecuted; but it is not in the least to be wondered at, for they swindle, on every possible opportunity, the slow, thick-headed Moors, who borrow money from them

without the least understanding at what interest they are repaying it, which is generally something like 10 per cent per month. When one arrives in the country of Morocco, just as when one first sees the Jews in Russia, one is apt to pity; but experience of a few days teaches one differently, and one learns that, after all, it is more their fault than that of the Moors, whom they despise, and make the victims of their hard-hearted usury. I do not at all mean to say that all the Jews in the country are the same. I am speaking now of towns like Morocco and Fez, where they are in the same state of civilisation as the Moors themselves—only dirtier. A distinctive dress is worn by the Jews, the jelab being of dark blue embroidered cloth, and a small black cap; for none are allowed to wear the red fez. In many of the cities they are strictly confined to their "Mellah," though allowed to walk in the other parts of the town barefooted. One sees them taking off their shoes as they pass through the gate which divides the Moorish quarter from their own. The Jewesses are sometimes pretty, and always vain, and, when they get the chance, dress in European costume, which often comes from Paris. A place that was a constant and almost daily resort was the "keseria," or auction market—a long, wide, covered bazaar, with shops down either side. Here, about four o'clock in the afternoon, Morocco gathers together to do its business. The auctions are managed on very different plans to ours in England, as the auctioneers—there are a number of them—rush about amongst the people, carrying the articles for sale, and shouting out the latest bid. Of course this gives a great opening for fictitious bids, especially when Europeans are present. The scene is a purely Eastern one, and equally charming. In the half gloom of the bazaar are crowds of Moors, some in the fine white haik which betokens wealth and position; some in little more than the historical string of beads. Here we bought many curiosities—daggers and carpets, haiks and leather-work—in fact all varieties of native produce. Every day or so some incongruous article would be put up for sale; one day it was a small parasol of a light buff colour, and trimmed with lace—almost a doll's parasol, so small it was. It was sold for about a sovereign to the fiercest-looking of our warriors, who used it to shade himself all the journey back to Tangier, much to our amusement, though he saw no joke in it, and gave himself terrible airs on its account.

The scenes in the streets would often be varied by a wedding, the gay procession passing by to the music of some score of tom-toms and pipes—the bride shut up in a box on the back of a mule, or even a donkey. Funerals, too, were constantly occurring, as I suppose they are all over the world. Of the two, I preferred the funerals, as the music was much softer and more sweet; and one of the two death-chants they sing, really beautiful. As in other parts of the Oriental world, the relatives of the deceased pay people to attend the funerals, and mourners are hired at so much a dozen—a gross at an enormous reduction.

We often visited the slave market, which is, I think, quite the most interesting sight in Morocco. We had all of us read the fearful accounts, which the press of Tangier is so fond of repeating, of the terrible doings of slavery in Morocco, and I must confess were most pleasantly surprised. We went very often to the market, but never saw such sights as children separated from their parents, though we saw both sold together in the "lot." Nor did we see many other things of which we had read; in fact, the slaves wore a wonderfully contented, even cheerful, expression while the sale was proceeding. We were much amused at watching one young lady—who, by-the-way, was rather handsome—alter her expression from sulkiness when an old Moor was looking at her, to cheerfulness when a handsome young man began his inspection. So there is coyness even in the wild deserts from which these slaves come; in fact, far from being a painful sight—for by the accounts we have of those who have seen it before, they all left "with our eyes full of tears"—we found it rather amusing than otherwise, and I do not know that we are more hard-hearted than the generality of mankind. This I will say, that I would far rather be a slave in Morocco than a peasant. From what, too, I saw of slaves out of the market, they appear not to have such a bad time of it, and in many of the houses enjoy more liberty than the paid servants. Of course, there is truth in many of the fearful stories we hear of ill-treatment; but, again, I know an old Moor on whose death all the property goes by will to his slaves. It is not slavery that is so bad, it is the kidnapping that slavery necessitates, and the terrible long journey over the scorching desert; but, of course, to put down this kidnapping we must aim at slavery direct. The market is mostly supplied from the Soudan—not the "Soudan" as we call Nubia, but the Soudan that lies south of the Sahara and east of Senegambia, an enormous district of sand—but it is not at all an uncommon sight to see white slaves in the market—Moors and Arabs. The prices average about £3 to £5 a head for all varieties, though we saw one elderly female knocked down for about 22s., much to her own disgust.

Of the mosques in Morocco one can say little, as they are strictly guarded against the entrance of Christians, though this does not prevent one, as one passes by, from gazing in at the long aisles, dimly lit by strange-coloured lamps, while a blaze of sunshine falls on the centre court, with its marble and coloured columns and gay tile-work, and on the bubbling white fountain in the centre. A delicious scent of incense pervades the mosque doors, the smoke of which gives a soft grey appearance to the interior that makes one long to enter and pace those long corridors with their softly matted or carpeted floors. But, though we saw no more than this of the interior, there is no difficulty about seeing the exteriors, which, as a rule, are not fine, though some boast graceful minarets, the finest of which, by far, is that of the Koutubia, or mosque of the booksellers, a minaret 250 ft. in height and 50 ft. square from base to summit. It is the sister tower to the Giralda at Seville and the unfinished tower of Beni Hassan at Rabat, but is finer than either, as the Giralda has undergone restoration and change at the hands of the Spaniards, whereas the Koutubia remains in its pristine glory. The minaret is of stone, richly inlaid with tiles, for the most part green, many of which, however, have tumbled out. The summit is domed. To ascend the tower there are no stairs, but a sloping way, up which one could ride—so it is said—on horseback. No doubt the origin of this was to take the beasts of burden as near the working level as possible. This minaret, as it raises its head far above the low-lying town and the forests of palms, forms the landmark of Morocco. It was the first we saw of the city on our approach; it was the last we saw on our departure. The adjoining mosque is said to contain a fine library, the books of which, no doubt, are mouldering away, uncared for and untouched, just as the mosque itself is. The whole edifice was raised by Almanzor, in the twelfth century.

Of the other buildings in Morocco there is not much to say, as I have described elsewhere the Maimounieh Palace, in which we were quartered, and the palaces of the Sultan.

As I said before, Morocco has only one suburb—the leper city. We went several times to see this almost unique village—a village of lepers. The place itself is not large, and is situated near the Bab Dukala, immediately

outside the city walls. The houses are much the same as those of the poorer classes within the city—one-storeyed dwellings. We saw, of course, numberless lepers, who go about their business as long as they are able like other folk, and then, when the disease in its steady strides renders them incapable—take to begging. I was surprised to see no leper children, nor have I ever seen any but one; but he was enough to make up for a hundred. Apparently, from what inquiries we could make, the leprosy does not show itself till the victim is about fourteen years of age. These lepers intermarry; but whether the children of lepers are necessarily lepers themselves I was unable to ascertain. The poor wretches are obliged by law to wear a distinctive dress, and are never allowed to enter the city, at the gates of which they sit begging. Here one could see specimens of the disease in every stage, from the man who had a patch on his face or chest to the legless, armless lump of humanity that crouches huddled up in a corner. But, to return to more cheerful subjects: one night Ferguson, Carleton, and I disguised ourselves as Moors, and visited the Hummum or Moorish Bath—or, rather, Carleton and I did, for Ferguson was too unwilling to go. We went with our men to the bath, which had previously been engaged for us. On entering we found ourselves in a dark hall; we struck lights, and lit three or four Moorish lanterns that we had brought with us. The men with the lanterns leading the way, we ascended some steps and entered a large court, the ceiling of which was supported by rows of graceful marble columns. The floor was paved with tiles, and in the centre was a somewhat dilapidated fountain. The whole place was out of repair, but must at one time have been very beautiful, as the somewhat dingy paintings on the walls testified. The scene was a picturesque one. Through the square open space in the roof of the court flooded the silver moonlight, while ever and anon there flashed from the dark aisles the twinkle of our coloured lanterns. In this "patio" we undressed, and with our men entered a large domed room, devoid of decoration, and slightly warmed. Passing through this and a second similar to it, we entered the third, or hot room, the floor of which was an inch or so deep in hot water. On this hard tiled floor we were made to lie down, and then the bath commenced; it consisted for the most part of having the limbs bent till the joints cracked, then being well soaped over, rubbed and then doused with hot, cool, and cold water. Altogether, the whole thing took us about an hour. After lounging for a time in each of the other two rooms we again entered the court and dressed to cigarettes and coffee. Pulling our haiks about us, we entered the street once more, deserted, as all the streets are at night. Wishing to see something of the city by night, Carleton and I set out on muleback and rode along the empty highways. Only once did we pass anybody, and he was dead—merely a corpse in the roadway. Altogether, we were very pleased with our Hummum experiences, the more so, perhaps, as so few Christians—if any—have been before us.

We had two more feasts to go to before we left Morocco, neither of which, though each, in its way, was good, came up in magnitude to that of the Sultan; though at Abu Beker's, I believe—for I was not there myself—the cooking was superior. There, too, wine was supplied—the only place in Morocco at which it was. After dinner, dancing-girls performed to the music of a string band; the principal danseuse danced balancing a tray of tea-things on her head, and got through very successfully. Abu Beker's house is one of the finest in Morocco, and I much regret having missed seeing it; but some of us were away in the Atlas Mountains at the time. At the other feast, at Sidi Garnet's, the Foreign Minister, there was a great display of cooked meats; but the weather was terribly hot, and a band seated at the door of our dining-room kept up such an "infernal" din that conversation was out of the question. The ladies visited the harem, and reported that the wives were very stout and not exactly beautiful, according to our ideas. As we were at dinner, we noticed a peculiar haze over the courtyard into which our room looked, which we discovered was the commencement of a sandstorm. As soon as we left Garnet's house, it began to blow with a vengeance, the small red sand nearly blinding us as it came in great clouds down the street. We tore the puggerees off our helmets and bound up our faces in them, and again pushed on our way. We were on horseback, and so exposed to the whole force of the storm. Everything was hidden by the dust, and it was only now and again that we could catch a glimpse of the road ahead of us. For some two or three hours it blew and covered everything with sand. We saw no one about; every man, woman, and child had sought refuge in their houses, and the city seemed deserted and dead. We reached the Maimounieh in safety, but nearly blinded by the force of the gale. In the country districts, where there is no protection, the Arabs have to imitate the example of their Eastern brethren and lie down, man and beast, till the storm has passed over.

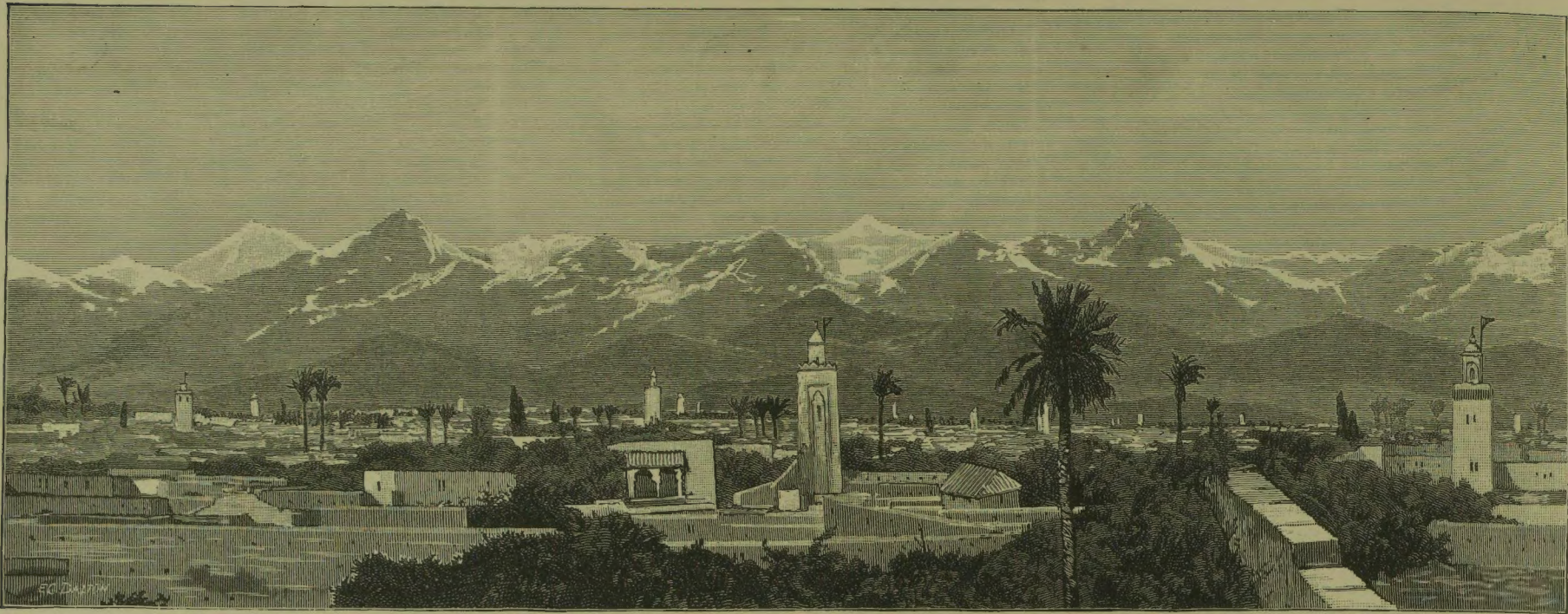
We had a great excitement one afternoon in the bazaar—a fight between Woodville's and Boulnois' horses—which nearly ended disastrously for the former. It is the great drawback to Moorish horses, their propensity to fight. It was a fearful sight to see the beasts pawing one another in the air, and in the narrow crowded bazaar, where no one could approach to stop them. However, almost miraculously it seemed, it ended without loss of life. It was amusing riding through the streets to hear the curses which little boys, and sometimes even grown men, used to heap upon our heads. "May Allah burn your grandfather and grandmother!" they used to say; but somehow we thought that these reiterated prayers to Allah for this purpose could not have much effect, so we used only to laugh at them. Now and then, though, a Moor got his ears well boxed for it by our soldiers, and on one occasion by one of us, when a strong young European might have been seen seated on the prostrate body of a shereef, and saying in perfect Arabic, "You burn my parents, will you!"—bang. "You 'll call me 'haloof'!" (wild boar)—bang. "I 'll teach you to speak to Christians like that!"—bang. I don't think that Moor would have breath enough left in him to curse again for many a long day. This, however, was not in Morocco, but in a town on the coast.

One class of building that forms a prominent feature in Morocco are the fountains, some of which appertain to the mosque, while others are separate buildings of themselves; and it is in these fountains that one finds almost the only beautiful remains of Moorish architecture in the city of Morocco. Along the bottom of the fountain runs a large basin or trough in which the Moors wash. The whole structure is in the form of an archway, no doubt so that the water by being shaded from the sun may keep cool and fresh. Many of them possess exquisite wood-carving, and the colouring of the walls is often equally lovely. Every type of design—but all pure Moorish—are found on these many fountains; and as one stands and gazes, one can almost imagine that one is in some old palace, till one turns and sees the squalor and dirt of the street and the people around one.

One is much struck in Morocco city by the tameness of all the birds and animals; and sparrows are constant visitors on the dinner-tables, whither they come in search of food. They seem literally to have no fear. These sparrows are not like

THE BRITISH MISSION TO MOROCCO.

BY MR. WALTER B. HARRIS—ILLUSTRATED BY MR. R. CATON WOODVILLE, WHO ACCOMPANIED THE MISSION.



MOROCCO CITY AND THE GREAT ATLAS.



HORSES FIGHTING IN THE BAZAAR.

THE BRITISH MISSION TO MOROCCO.

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R. Caton Woodville.
Morocco City
20 April. 1887.

G.A.M. 55

A KAID OF THE ATLAS.

our English birds, but larger and with blue-grey heads. The Moors call them "tabib," which means "doctor"—why, I know not. We found the snakes, too, as tame as the birds, though this was not as pleasant. One huge snake, seven feet long, once calmly swallowed a rat within a couple of yards of our luncheon-table, in the open roadway of our garden. It was, however, shot. One word as to history. The founding of Morocco is wrapped in more or less uncertainty, though probably the town is not more than 800 years old, as it was founded by Yusuf ben Tisfeen, whose date even is doubtful. From the Kasbah, of which it originally consisted, it grew to be a city of great importance and size, and at one time, according to Leo Africanus—almost the only authority of Morocco of the Middle Ages—contained upwards of a hundred thousand buildings. However, it has fallen again, and now is not much more than a great, straggling, half-ruined town.

PART IV.

THE GREAT ATLAS.

It had been during the whole trip the desire of some of us to try and get some sport in the Atlas Mountains, and great was our delight when, through the kindness of Mr. Green, a letter arrived from the Sultan, couched in the following terms:—

We give permission, by the help of God, to the four Englishmen who are bearers of this letter to travel in all parts of our Empire in which there is no present danger. But in parts where there is danger, or where the inhabitants are in rebellion, they must not go, either in the plains or mountains. And to those whose business it is, I give this command, to the Kaid and Caliphas, that they take care of them and pay all attention to their wants: that they accompany them, and supply a fitting escort; and that they point out to them the dangerous places, and advise them not to enter them.—MOULAI HASSAN.

Without such a letter as this it would have been impossible for us to have visited the mountains, as no sooner would we have arrived at their base than we should have been arrested and "returned" to Morocco for the Sultan to do what he pleased with us, as the mountains are forbidden land to the traveller. This rendered them all the more interesting to us, as we knew that only a very few had been before us in most places, and in some, none at all.

Everything having been arranged for our mountain expedition, we started early one morning (Thursday, May 5) leaving the Maimounieh between six and seven, four of us—Woodville, Treeby, Boulnois, and myself—with our little escort of an interpreter, two European servants, a Kaid and four soldiers, three soldier servants and two tent-pitchers, who also were army men. We took a large tent for ourselves, a tent for the Kaid, and two small tents for our men; four horses for our own use, and six mules to carry our baggage; a mule for our interpreter, and three horses for the Kaid and two of the soldiers; while the remaining part of the men walked and took it in turns to ride on our baggage beasts. The sun was already hot when we bid adieu to the rest of our party at the Maimounieh, who were kind enough to appear to wish us "good-speed" in a diversity of toilets, and set out along the narrow, dusty road toward the Bab-el-Hamar, near the Agidal Palace, a rather fine, more or less modern archway. On leaving the city we struck away to the right, skirting the walls of the Agidal Palace garden, the enormous park of the Sultan.

The country was very dried up, and the stones rendered our travelling anything but quick or pleasant. We crossed a strip of desert-like ground, which extended some eight or ten miles, and then entered the fertile plain that lies along the base of the Atlas Mountains and is watered by their numerous streams. These streams—some the merest rivulets—seem to rush in every direction, and we were pleasantly surprised by the general fertility, so different to what we had seen on the road from Mazagan to the capital; nor are the inhabitants ignorant of their good-fortune in possessing this constant water supply, as everywhere are to be seen little banked canals joining the small streams and used for flooding the fields. Here, too, we saw the finest crops of wheat that we had ever seen, and which made one fully realise that the Romans were no fools when they made Mauritania their corn-market. At one place we passed a very curious aqueduct, if such it can be called, through which the water passed under the road, finding its level again on the opposite side.

The mountains looked very fine as we approached, and what had seemed to us from Morocco mere hillocks compared with the central range began to appear, as they really are, great mountains. As the country changed its aspect in the way of fertility, so the villages began to take another form; and instead of the everlasting beehive-shaped hovels there were houses of stone and plaster, with overhanging roofs, the whole village usually inclosed with a tabbia wall of some height and strength, and guarded with flanking towers, as a defence in time of rebellion and war. Some of these little towns are exceedingly picturesque, nestling in groves of palms and olives, and surrounded by the vivid green fields.

About five in the afternoon we entered a grove of olives, fine large trees, under which the sward was like an English lawn, while here, there, and in every direction ran little brooks whose banks were glorious with oleanders. For two hours our road continued the same—in fact till we reached Ourika, our first resting-place. The little town is perched on the side of the steep hill high above the river of the same name. We never could quite find out the name of the place; it seemed to have many, and every native we asked would answer: "This town? Oh! Ourika, of course;" while his companion contradicted him, and said "Achliz;" so we called it "Achliz-Ourika," and had we had any letters to write would have headed them so. The river must be a grand one in winter, as even in this dry season it was fairly full of water. The village resembled a fort more than a village, the houses being built tier above tier up the precipice, and entirely devoid of windows on the outside, though many of them boasted a verandah-like arrangement. We had left the Moors now and were in the country of the Berbers, or wild mountain tribes, who speak Berebba, a strange language almost unknown to Europeans; and the fortified state of these villages clearly showed that they were ready for all exigencies, for in this land fighting is almost as common as peace. The building "par excellence" of Achliz is a curious fort, the walls of which must be some 30 ft. in height, and which is flanked with towers; the whole building, being larger at the base than the summit, has a strong resemblance to an ancient Egyptian temple. Close to this fort we found our camp awaiting us, for we had lingered on the way so as to allow the tents to be pitched before our arrival, which had created no small stir in the neighbourhood, as Europeans are "rare aves" there. The view from our tents as we looked down on to the valley and plains below—for we were up some height—was a truly lovely one. Far below us the river rushed over its stony bed, its banks covered with olives and pomegranates, vines and palms; away over the plains we could see the palm-forests of Morocco, and the glistening summit of the Koutubia; up the valley the scenery was wilder, for there, though the lower parts of the mountains were wooded, rocks formed the chief object—

such rocks as one sees in Switzerland or Norway, precipices thousands of feet in height—and away beyond them again the glistening snow. After a bathe we set to work to cook, and really, for amateurs, managed very well, though perhaps, after all, to make a decent Irish stew is no great task. Almost before the moon had risen over the mountain-tops we were sound asleep; but we were up again before the sun appeared—and bitterly cold it was!

At sunrise the Calipha visited us, as he had done the night before; but, in spite of the great deference he paid our passport from the Sultan—for whenever he got a sight of it he tried to kiss it—he put every possible difficulty in our way to prevent us penetrating further into the mountains. However, we were stern and relentless, and at eight sharp set off, the wretched Calipha having to accompany us, as the Sultan's letter directed. It is always the same: one has the greatest difficulty in going one's own way and not that of the local governor or Kaid, who is not to direct one. Of course, as the Sultan's guests, food was supplied to us all along the road, which it would have been an insult to offer to pay for; and the very first night we found our Kaid Absalom—an old thief and a robber—calmly selling the presents that had come for us. As these valleys in the Atlas are not connected with one another, but run into the mountains parallel with each other, it was our intention of striking across the spur between Ourika and the valley of Hasni, and so reaching the latter place. On telling the Calipha this, he asserted it was impossible. "If there were a road," he vehemently ejaculated, on our saying there was one, and that he did not wish to show it to us—"God knows I would show it you, and even come myself with you to Hasni." However, we did not believe him, and it turned out we were right, though our discovery came too late. "Anyhow," we said, "we insist on going up this valley as far as possible;" so we all went off together, leaving directions with our men to push on by the foot of the mountains as near as possible to Hasni. The road was very bad in some places, quite impassable for baggage animals, so we found we had done well in sending our mules by the longer route. We followed the river-bed for some time; then, crossing to the right bank, we passed under a curious cone-shaped hill that stands in the centre of the valley, where the oleanders were all gorgeously in bloom. We saw many mountain villages, all built more or less like forts, and mostly perched high above the river. On reaching a large village, the name of which, as far as we could gather, was Asneen, we found the road went no further; but the Calipha told us that we could, by continuing on the river-bed, get a mile or two more up the valley. However, as we had already been two hours on the way, and had been unsuccessful in finding the desired track, we decided to retrace our footsteps and overtake our baggage animals. The people in the villages seemed well disposed, and very much astonished at our presence; but one and all wished us a hearty "salaama" as we passed. The men are darker and more negro-looking than in Morocco city, though here and there we passed fair men. Jews, too, we saw in great numbers. I believe that this small corner of Morocco is the only place in the world in which agricultural Jews are to be found; for here they themselves work in the fields, ploughing and reaping. Two hours sufficed to take us back to Achliz, and from there we set off towards Tahanout, a town at the foot of the mountains, en route for Hasni. We were now again almost in the plains, and the road continued uninteresting the whole way. After four hours and a half more in the saddle, making eight and a half hours since the morning, a long stretch in the hot weather, we reached Tahanout, a place of some importance on the River Hasni. The town much resembled the others we had seen in the mountains, but was more pretentious. Here we overtook our baggage animals, which had been unsaddled for rest; ten minutes later we were on our way again up the valley, finally pitching our tents in an olive grove near Tassilunt, after nine hours and a half hot riding on an abominable road. This valley of Hasni is equally fine as that of Ourika, except that perhaps it lacks a little of its grandeur. We bathed in the river, and returned to the tents to dine. Here we found again that Kaid Absalom was robbing us, having asked the Kaid at Tahanout, whose duty it was to supply us with provisions, to give him money instead, which was done, so that we only got a few chickens that night, and our poor beasts got nothing but a very little corn.

Our road the next morning was very lovely and grand, especially at one place where we passed, wading our horses through the stream, between two perpendicular walls of rock, the lower levels of which were covered with masses of maiden-hair fern. About half past twelve we reached Hasni, and called on the Kaid, who had come out to the town-gate to meet us—a kind old man, very decrepit, but who seemed much more educated than most Moors, and discussed European politics with much zest, though, from the topics he spoke on, I should say they had just heard of the Crimean war! Our camping-ground was charming, in a shady grove of trees near the town wall, and surrounded on three sides by a swift stream. The Kaid, Calipha, and Sheikh called in the afternoon and took tea with us in State: quite a pleasant little party we had in our tent. The old man told us, greatly to our disappointment, that our further passage up the valley was impossible, owing to the rebellion of the tribes there. We had heard so much of these rebellions that we rather doubted it, till we found from other sources that he spoke the truth—for a wonder. This was a great disappointment, as it was from Arround (or Arum, the Moors call it, though Hooker gives us the former spelling) that Sir Joseph Hooker and his party ascended the Tagherot Pass. I cannot say how much we are indebted to Sir Joseph Hooker's book on the Atlas, for we found it invaluable in all our excursions, and the map most useful. The Berbers were most delighted with our firearms—and we had enough of them—and their surprise at the shooting we did with our Winchester, carbines, and revolvers made us almost feel heroes from Wimbledon. In the evening we went for a walk round the town, which we found small, dirty, but curious. The houses have no windows in the exterior, but all look into courtyards in the centre, into which, too, the sewers seem to empty themselves. Altogether, they are most uncomfortable-looking places, and are built in the roughest possible way. We had a thunderstorm that evening, but by sunset it was clear again. The night was lovely, and we sat outside the tent and silently watched the moon rise through the gently murmuring trees, till every mountain stood out clearly as by daylight. Near us the town walls formed a dark line against the sky. As we watched, we saw the form of the muezzin on the little mosque and heard his clear voice ring out the call to prayer, and the echo from the wall of rock behind took it up, then another and another, till it died away in the still night; but it was loud enough to wake a nightingale in the pomegranates, who began his song and kept it up all night—at least I suppose he did, for I was too sleepy to sit up and listen.

We were guests next day at a great hunt after mufiong and boar, but were not very successful. We arrived about sundown at our camp, and a little later paid another visit to the town, where we managed to pick up some curiosities in the way of silver ornaments, rings, necklaces, and charms.

(To be continued.)

QUOTATIONS.

"To use quotations sparingly" is a conspicuous piece of advice given to young authors who desire to cultivate a good style. They are told it is "bad form"—that is the phrase now-a-days—to intersperse their sentences with a multitude of the expressions of other men. The habit is said to indicate a poverty of ideas and a want of power over composition. Indeed, some authorities go so far as to declare that only on the rarest occasions is a quotation permissible. George Eliot, to wit, says in "Daniel Deronda," although she is referring more directly to "nicety" in conversation than in writing "Much quotation of any sort, even in English, is bad. It tends to check ordinary remark. One couldn't carry on life comfortably without a little blindness to the fact that everything has been said better than we can put it ourselves." On the ground, then, that it is wise and comfortable to be a little blind we humbly submit that the practice of quoting is not without its advantages, giving, as it sometimes does, strength to an utterance and backing it up by some noble thought nobly expressed, and which fits perfectly the case in point. This opinion is endorsed by many a wise thinker, and to note one only: Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says of Emerson, "'Quotation and originality' furnish the key to Emerson's workshop. He believed in quotation, and borrowed from everybody and every book—not in any stealthy or shamefaced way, but proudly, royally, as a king borrows from one of his attendants the coin that bears his own image and superscription." On the other hand, there can be no doubt that to find a superabundance of poetic lines and verses, texts, maxims, epigrams, aphorisms, mottoes, and the like, lugged neck and shoulders into every other sentence, is, to say the least, very tiresome to a reader, especially when it is obvious that the writer has gone out of his way in order to give some pet quotation. In conversation a too perpetual tendency to quote is worse still, for, as the author of "Adam Bede" declares above, "it tends to check ordinary remark." The man whose talk is stuffed with words not his own generally obtains the privilege of having the talk all to himself. Simple everyday people are so appalled by what they suppose to be his extensive reading and learning, that they are afraid to open their lips lest they display their own ignorance before one so accomplished and far-seeing. We once heard of a gentleman whose memory was so retentive, and his knowledge of Shakspeare so intimate, that he would undertake not only to answer any question in the words of the poet, but would carry on a conversation for a quarter of an hour on any subject by quotations from the bard. If this story be true, he must, indeed, have been rather a terror to his friends; and even Mr. Samuel Brandram himself might tremble at the thought of such a rival in memory and knowledge of the Shakspearean text. Rover, in O'Keefe's old-fashioned comedy, "Wild Oats," deluges the dialogue with quotations; but then, in his character of strolling player, it is to be expected they might naturally come trippingly off the tongue; but his ready facility is completely thrown into the shade by that of our Shakspearean scholar.

However, whether it be right or wrong, good style or bad, to intersperse our daily interchange of ideas with quotations, verbally or on paper, certain it is that when we do adopt other people's style of putting things, we should do so correctly. Yet it is strange how seldom we hear a line given "letter-perfect," as actors say; whilst the more familiar the quotation, the more apt is it to get perverted. Not that it is often used in the wrong place—we do not mean that—but the wrong word is substituted. For instance, nothing is more common than to hear Milton's last line from "Lycidas," "fresh woods and pastures new," quoted "fresh fields," &c. Again, we are told perpetually that "The man that hath no music in his soul is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils"; Shakspeare's own words being, "The man that hath no music in himself, Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, Is fit for treasons," &c. Of course it is very difficult to remember the precise word, in many cases; and if we hit upon an equivalent, it generally satisfies our own conceit sufficiently to make us believe that we are clever fellows, and know all about it, entirely forgetting that where ordinary folk will use a good word, a great genius like Shakspeare uses the best—nothing less contents him.

The essential quality of a quotation—indeed, its only justification—is its aptness. Yet sometimes it is glaringly inappropriate. A striking instance of an inapt one is given in a deeply-interesting article on Australian Irrigation which recently appeared in a London daily newspaper. The writer describes kangaroos and other animals quickly vanishing at the sight of man, and then winds up with this quotation from Cowper—

They are so unacquainted with man
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Tame! when they scamper away at the sight of man? Cowper makes Alexander Selkirk say, in the first two lines of the verse quoted from—

The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see.

So their tameness might well shock him. But when man's presence sends them rushing off with headlong speed, where is the tameness?

Above all things, those who are addicted to quoting ought only to yield to the temptation when they are acquainted with the context of the lines used—that is to say, they only ought to quote as the result of extensive reading. This would set a healthy limit truly to the propensity, for in nine cases out of ten quotations are not only given incorrectly, but in absolute ignorance of their author, or, at any rate, from which of his works or passages it is drawn. As a proof of this, when a familiar phrase is heard, does not the question constantly arise, "Whose speech is that?" or "Whence comes that line?" More frequently than not, nobody knows, least of all the utterer. For example, take "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." More disputes arise over the authorship of these words than can be numbered; and, again, "The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb" is thought to be Scriptural, whilst Shakspeare is credited with the former. Unless a reader be present who knows his old dramatists, and somebody happens lately to have been conning over "The Sentimental Journey," the floundering of various opinions goes on until a dictionary of quotations is consulted, when, lo! there is a murmur of astonishment at hearing that Colman's "Mourning Bride" contains the celebrated musical passage, and that Sterne is accountable for the "penning" of the lamb.

Vanity, more often than not, is at the bottom of the habit of perpetual quoting, which conveys the idea of familiarity with the best authors. It pretends to show how great must be our learning; but the hollowness of this pretence, in most instances, is established by the mere existence of such a compilation as a "dictionary of quotations." If we only quoted from the authors we actually knew there would be no need for such a book. On the whole, therefore, unless very judiciously chosen, quotations should be rarely used; for, if the truth be spoken, too many of us are, in reality, much in the position of the old lady who, on seeing "Macbeth" for the first time, was astonished to find that it was "made up of quotations."

W. W. F.